

SURVEY: 14 YEARS AFTER KINSEY!

ACE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

JANUARY KA
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THE POWER OF POSITIVE SLINKING
THOSE PASSIONATE PROFS AND CAMPUS LOLITAS
A CURE FOR TV'S WISE QUACKS

"Look Ma—No Hands!"



Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

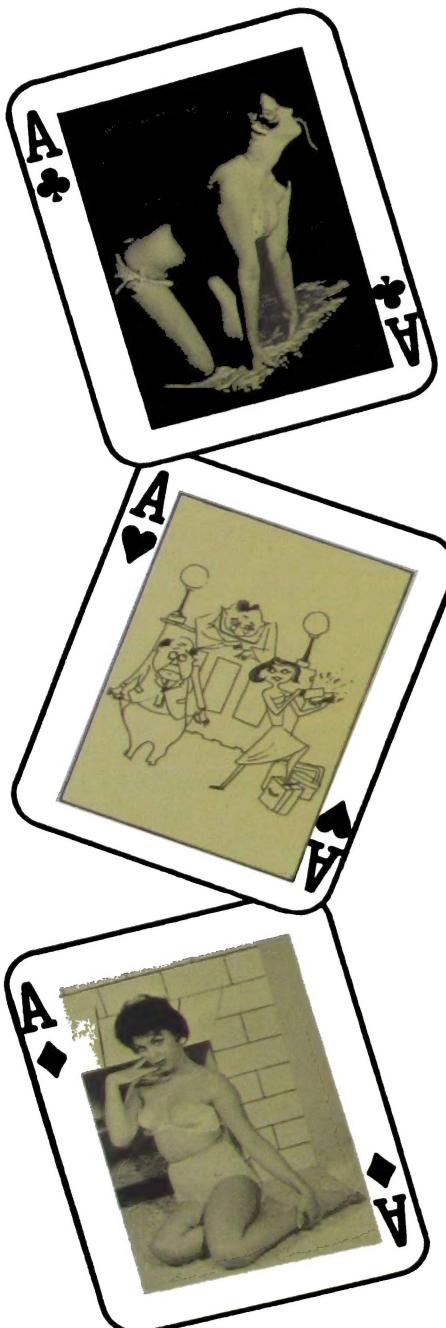
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JAN., 1963
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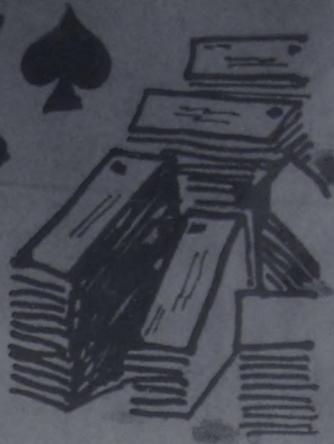


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COVER PHOTO by Keith Bernard

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BACKTALK



SATIRE, PRO & CON

Editor, ACE:

My constant complaint in reading is the lack of lively satire which was once so native to the American writer. Hence, I was a very happy reader, indeed, when I finished "The Carpetsweepers," in your October issue. Let's have more of this sort of wonderful humor.

R. P., Omaha, Neb.

Dear ACE Editor:

I think you did a disservice to an interesting book like the "Carpet-baggers" by making fun of it in your last issue.

J. C., Rochester, N. Y.
(Gentlemen, this is why it's so difficult to edit a magazine. However, mail was 2 to 1 in favor of "The Carpetsweepers."—Ed.)

WILD ABOUT HARRY

Dear ACE:

As a regular reader I've enjoyed the fiction of Harry Roskolenko which appears from time to time in your pages. As a teacher of English (11th grade), I admire his command of the language and his ability to use simple words so effectively. Mr. Roskolenko uses a different locale in every story. Apparently he's quite a traveler, or so it seems.

B. Z., Casper, Wyoming
(Saying that Harry Roskolenko is "quite a traveler" is quite an understatement. Last year he took a boat trip down the Nile and currently he is on a motorcycle trip which started in Genoa and will end in Ceylon. When we last heard from Harry, he was in Iraq.—Ed.)

THEY DIG DULCY

Dear ACE:

Dulcy is too much! As soon as the August issue reached our frat house, Dulcy was adorning the wall of one of the rooms, forcing the rest of us to go out and buy extra copies. Now we see a helluva lot of pinups, but Dulcy is fantastic—so much so, that we finally had large photostats made and she's now a mural on a bedroom wall, which we all enjoy.

L. J., U. of Oklahoma

MISS KITTY

Dear Editor:

When I was 18 years old I worked for the Wine Glass Brand Ranch in southwestern Kansas. That was in 1892. There were many dance hall girls in those days but unlike your article ("The Truth About Those Wild West Dance Hall Girls"—Oct. ACE) most of the girls ended up married to cowhands and others. I will say though that none of the girls look like Miss Kitty on the Gunsmoke program. I am 88 years old now and my great-grandson brings me your magazine. Today's girls are a darn sight prettier than any in my day.

T. McM., Ely, Texas

P.S. Did you know that some of the best people in the West today are descended from dancehall girls?
(We never really thought about it, but we are delighted to know that a gentleman of your fine vintage enjoys ACE. It gives us something to look forward to.—Ed.)

Dear ACE Editor:

We're all for historical articles in the ACE manner.

Kappa Lambda Frat.
Chicago, Ill.

RED FILMS

Dear ACE Editor:

The article on films produced in satellite countries, I think, is a good sign for democracy. Let me explain: I have lived under Soviet rule and I know what it is to buck the system. Presently I am working in advertising, but in the country in which I lived, I was a film producer. As you know there is a certain rigid code that one must follow. We had a scene in one of our films of a mother showing too much affection for her son. That was during the period when family "togetherness" was considered a terrible thing. I was severely admonished—but was lucky enough to get to this country. It is a great sense of satisfaction to me to know that "daring" films are being produced in Poland—it is a definite sign that the people in the satellite nations are dissatisfied enough with the regime to do something about it. Let's hope that the pictures are the first step—and that someday soon, people will be able to read your magazine all over the world without fear of censorship.

J. L., Ogden, Utah

(We sincerely hope so too.—Ed.)

GALLERY REQUEST

Dear Editor:

Why don't you publish more galleries of favorite models? Sometimes I see a model I like and then she's never published again. Why is this so? Please advise.

J. B. M., Detroit

(We read our mail carefully and try to use the models that are really our readers' favorites—Ed.)

Ace

GIFTS OF THE MONTH

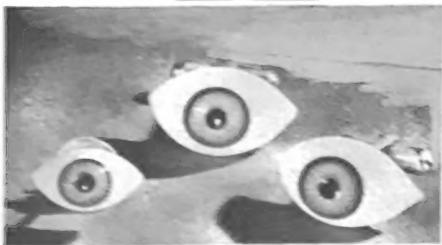


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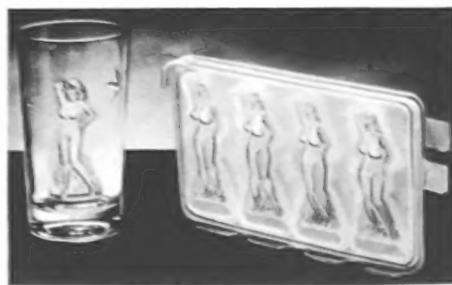
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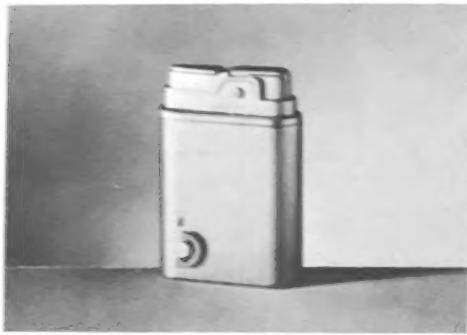
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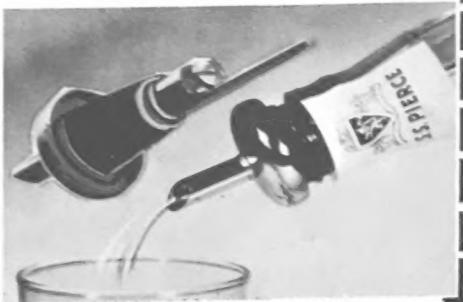
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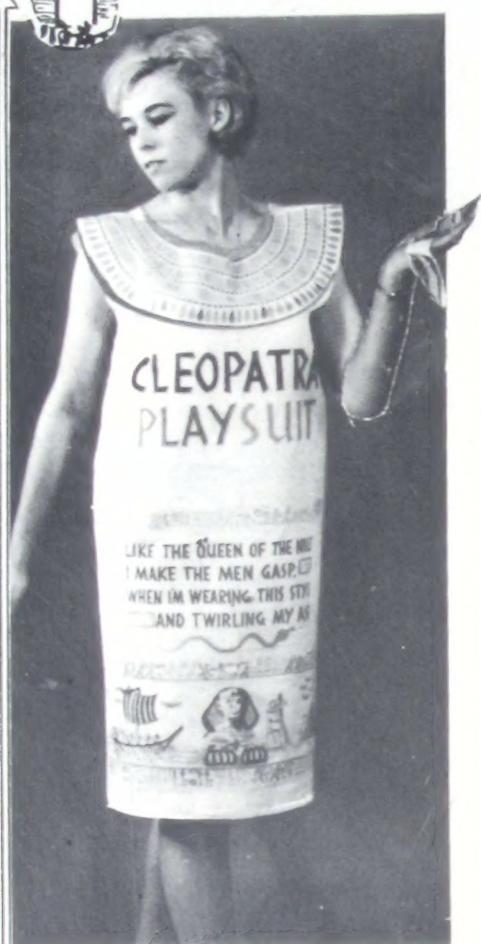
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Ace-High

BY KEN NOBLE

BOOKS AND RECORDS

MAKE THE MAN LOVE ME (Contemporary). Every so often, from the vast supply of girl-type jazz singers, there emerges one who makes you stop and really listen. Joy Bryan is just such a one. On this record, she sings ten show tune standards and makes the old evergreens even more verdant. Of good voices there are many. Joy begins with the good voice but she has much much more to offer. Every word she sings is given meaning. Her ability to understand the music she sings is today all too often lacking. Accompanied by Wynton Kelly at the piano, Al Viola on guitar, LeRoy Vinnegar on bass and Frank Butler on drums, Joy wends her way through *My Romance*, *It Never Entered My Mind*, *My Funny Valentine*, *These Foolish Things* and other equally good selections.

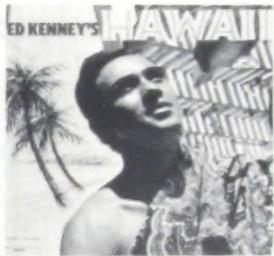
ED KENNEY'S HAWAII (ABC Paramount). Ed Kenney is best known to theatre goers for his leading role in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Flower Drum Song*. However, as he proves on this album, he is first and foremost a native Hawaiian and his beautiful baritone voice does full justice to a dozen island songs. The selections range from the familiar *Sleepy Lagoon* and *Moon Of Manakoora* to the authentic island song *Naupaka*, and even includes a Hawaiian twist, *The Island Twist*.

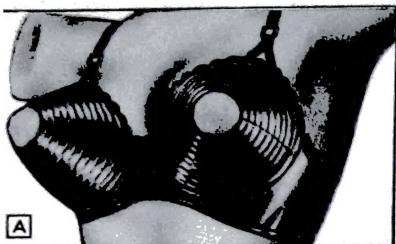
PANICSVILLE (Chancellor). With the fad for the Twist still going strong, new twist records keep making their appearance. A group called The Panics have outdone themselves on this one. This is for experts only.

The novice will be hard put to keep up with this wild, wild record. The titles are way out there, too: *Bony Maronie*, *French Twist*, *Ram-Bunk-Shush*, and *Peter Gunn Twist*. Should be a snap for teenagers, a challenge for us older cats.

HEMINGWAY'S ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN (RCA Victor). This is an original soundtrack recording of Franz Waxman's evocative scoring of the 20th Century-Fox presentation, *Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man*. The score, composed and conducted by Waxman—nominated for an Academy Award nine times, and winner twice, for *Sunset Boulevard* and *A Place in the Sun*—highlights the series of adventures which take place in the one year of Nick Adam's growth from boyhood to manhood. The warm melodic lines are stated in the lush instrumentation of the picture's theme, and the mood of adventure, subdued excitement and determination is set forth in *Leaving Home*. The score ranges from the blue shadow-land of *D.T. Blues* and *No Sleep* to the soaring love theme of *Rosanna*. The grotesqueries of war from the structural basis of *The Major's Rescue*, and the stately themes of *The Hospital*, *Rosanna's Death*, and *Home Again* amplify upon Waxman's ability to underline a mood, to capture the subtleties of character, and to evoke beauty.

BOCACCIO '70 (RCA Victor). An exciting score by two of Italy's brightest talents, Armando Trovajoli and Nino Rota for a movie which has broken box office records.





A



B



C



D

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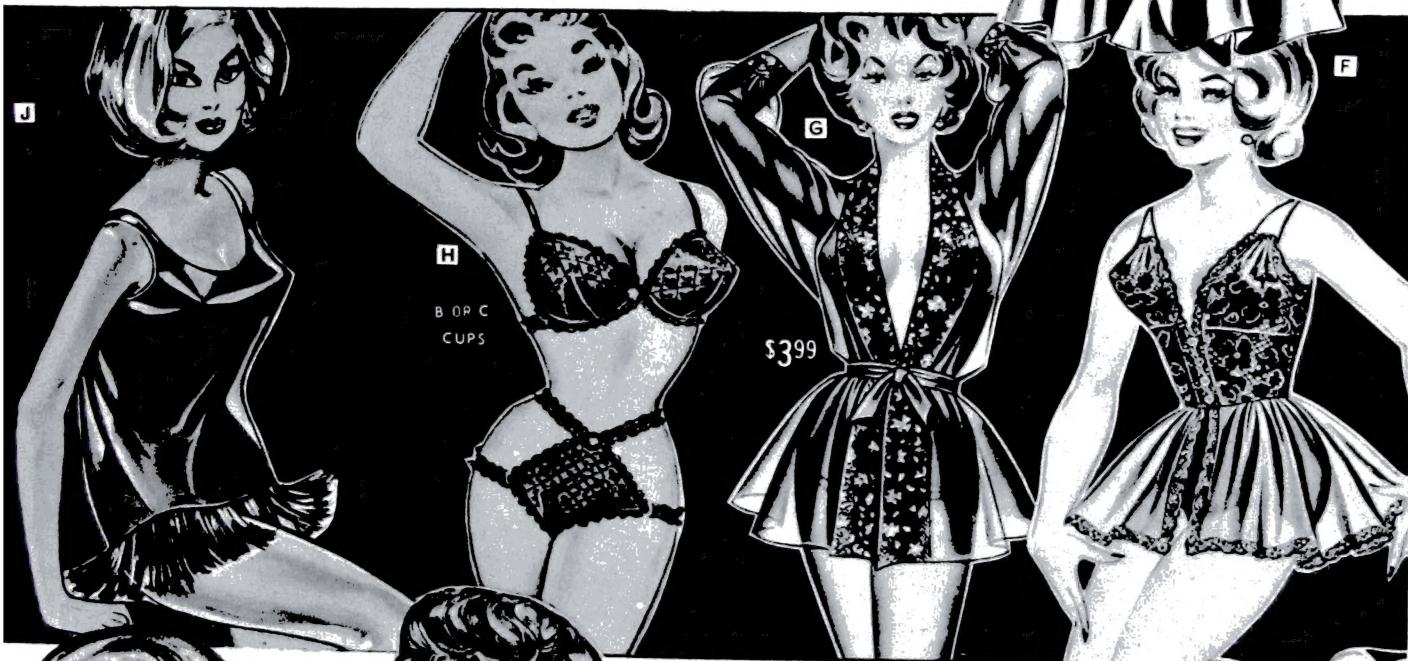
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Ride a shooting star

FICTION BY HAL HENNESEY

They were everything that is good in mankind, and they might have been the salvation of what was left of the world; but they were too young, too few and too late!

IT STOOD THERE in the middle of a vast plain, a shaft of white that jutted two hundred feet into the black sky. Once it had gleamed silver in the sun and starlight, but age had corroded it to the whiteness of granite. For a mile around it, the City spread its buildings in neat rows across the plain.

At the edge of the forested park that surrounded the base of the shaft two young people lay on the grass in its thin shadow. Since it was the closest thing to them, engulfing them with its presence, they talked about it but not because they felt any special interest in it. The shaft had been an integral part of their lives and the lives of their fathers and grandfathers, the way Mauna Loa and Vesuvius are a part of the lives of those who live on their slopes. But the minds of the young people were on more important things. They were looking for a place to make love. "When did they build it?" asked the girl, "— the

Bomb, I mean?" She was just sixteen, blonde and very pretty, and she didn't mind betraying her ignorance to the boy; she loved him. She knew that it made him feel stronger and more protective, superior. It made him love her more. It was worth the small sacrifice of pride.

"You should study more," the boy said, "it's all in the history books. After World War III left only a handful of

(Cont. pg. 72)





Survey:

BY CLAUDE H. JANNECK

ONCE UPON A TIME—say, twenty-five or fifty years ago—most well-brought-up young ladies lived by a kind of Spartan code. They could do just about anything they could get away with. They were punished for the crime of getting caught.

In those days, the tease was the American dream girl. She was “an all-round-good-fellow” who could go hiking all day long with her boy-friend, take a moonlight swim with him in the altogether and remain as pure as that overworked driven snow.

Or, if the call of nature was too much for her, she knew how to deny events so vehemently that even her partner would be convinced that nothing had happened!

Today, however, the girls are beginning to put away their white banners of militant purity. Fewer and fewer groups of curvy coeds meet to rip apart a good friend’s “reputation.” Fewer and fewer of them happily gloat over the classmate who gave birth to a ten pound baby just six and a half months after the wedding ceremony.

There is little doubt that the man most responsible for the change in attitude was the late Alfred C. Kinsey. While the Kinsey Reports do not tell people what to do, but only report the facts, their wide circulation has helped make girls less hesitant about admitting those same facts.

Girls, since Kinsey, probably don’t “do” any more than they used to “do.” But they talk about it more. Even the girls who “don’t,” often like to talk as if they “did!”

As a matter of fact, many young girls today, have a technical knowledge of sex that is downright frightening. Indeed, some observers feel that this is one reason why they remain chaste. It is a little difficult for a man to become romantic over a sweet young thing who can and does give a blow-by-blow account of comparative anatomy.

A good example of the way times have changed is an incident which took place at Vassar not long ago. Miss Sarah Blanding, the president of the all-girl college, announced that pre-marital relations are “indecent,” and that any Vassar girl who indulged in them would face “disciplinary action.”

Years ago, of course, such a speech would have been unthinkable. And, even more than that, it would have been unnecessary. The girls would know without being told that they were expected to act chastely, and that they had to face the consequences if they didn’t and were caught.



14 Years After Kinsey!

Long-term effects of the Report that hit our moral standards like an H-bomb!

But the speech itself isn't the most surprising thing about that incident. This honor is reserved for a poll taken by the student newspaper. In it, only 52% of the girls were found to agree with their president. Some 8% were undecided, and 40% took the opposite point of view.

Now, in a girls' school of twenty-five or fifty years ago, the speech probably wouldn't have been made in the first place. If it was made, no pre-Kinsey student newspaper would have taken a poll about it. But, if by some odd chance a poll was taken, the paper would have found 95% answering that they agreed that sex is a terrible thing until wedding bells start to chime.

(The 5% who would have disagreed would probably have been aggressive feminists whose whole approach to the problem was theoretical.)

Kinsey, it's plain to see, has made a difference.

To find out just how much of a difference and learn how a girl goes about living the Kinsey way, I decided to take a little survey of my own. Nothing so grand as the good professor and his staff used to do, but interesting, none-the-less.

I began my researches at a large, coed institution in the mid-West. I took my questions, my notebooks and other material to the campus where I contacted a typical, healthy looking, young female student.

"Pardon me," I said. "I'm taking a survey for Ace Magazine."

"Really," she replied. "We coeds are always happy to cooperate with all sorts of surveys. Is this one political, sociological or sexual?"

"Well." I hesitated. "Sexual . . . although it's strictly scientific, you understand."

"That's the best kind."

"Now," I said. "According to the Kinsey survey, 60% of girls who go to college have had some sort of pre-marital sexual relations. Did you know that?"

"Why of course, sugar. What kind of square courses do you think they give in this university?"

"Well, do you find this knowledge makes a difference in your life?"

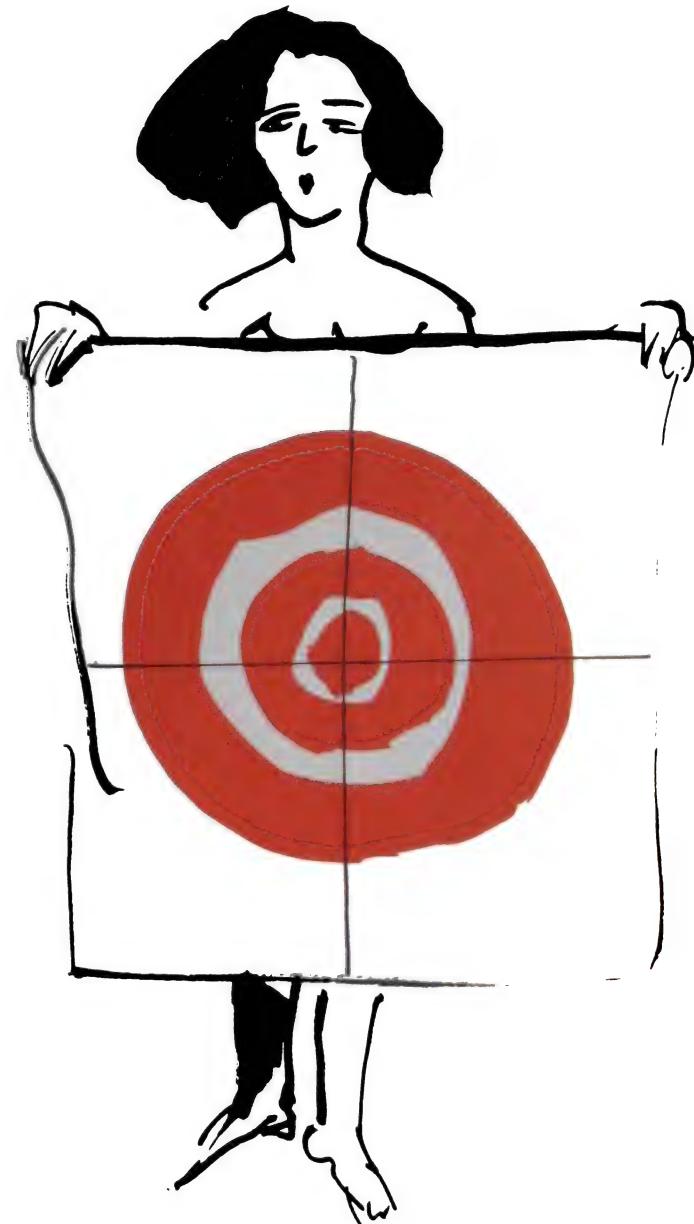
"Sure it does. A girl knows who to make it with. I mean, what's the sense of getting all starry-eyed over a guy if he isn't up on his Kinsey, too?"

"You mean you discuss the Kinsey Reports when you're out on a date?" I asked, slightly shocked despite my scientific attitude.

"How else are we going to keep in the swing of things?"

"I'm not sure what you mean."

"That's because you're not with it. If a guy wants to do something with me, we first have to look up all the statistics and see what everyone else in our crowd is



doing. I mean, you wouldn't expect me to be an odd-ball, would you?"

"Of course not," I replied, hastily.

"But, look here, why don't you come over to my place and we'll discuss Kinsey tonight . . . all night." Her wink left no doubt as to what she meant, and I backed away hastily.

"Please," I said. "I'm trying to take a survey, that's all."

"You mean all that jazz about science was on the level? It wasn't just a new Kinsey line?"

"Of course not . . ."

Her face froze. "I've never been so insulted in my life," she said. "I could (Continued on next page)



have had five dates while you were wasting my time!"

"But, I . . ."

"Say one more word, and I'll have my boy-friend beat you up. Kinsey indeed!"

I slunk away.

Since, despite the fact that the results were unexpected, my first interview did go to prove that the Kinsey reports were having an influence on college girls, I decided to keep on with the study.

I selected my next subject on the campus of a small girls' school, a few miles from the university.

The first girl I spoke to, drew herself up haughtily as I told her what I wanted. "I completely disagree with all of Kinsey's findings," she said.

"Why is that?"

"Well, actually, my analyst disapproves of him. He feels that an in-depth study of a single human being through psycho-analytical methods gives much more accurate insights than a mere survey. After all, what is a survey but a numbers game?"

"But, how about Kinsey's findings?"

"My analyst and I ignore them."

"And sexual relations? How does he feel about that subject?"

"Oh, he approves of sex. Even though the poor dear is frustrated, right now. It seems his wife doesn't understand him. She has some kind of a complex, you see, and resents terribly the fact that he's male. Though why a woman would resent that fact about her husband, I don't know . . ."

I didn't know either. And I didn't think I wanted to find out. I left.

So far, then, I found one girl who lived the Kinsey way and another who preferred Freud. I wondered if I could generalize. To test, I went up to a girl in the street, introduced myself as taking a random survey and asked if she were a follower of Kinsey or Freud.

"Neither," she answered. "I'm a follower of The Rock."

"The who?"

"The Rock. Rocco Maggio. He's my boyfriend. He tells me what to do and I follow him. If I didn't, I'd get my head broke in."

"What about pre-marital sex relations?" I asked. "Do you think they are permissible? I mean, considering the fact that many other young women in your peer group seem to have them."

"Listen, mister. You keep on talking this way to me and The Rock is going to break your back. How would you like that?"

"I wouldn't," I answered, quickly, doffing my hat and going my way. I wondered how the Kinsey men managed to conduct their interviews without getting their backs broken. There must be more to this whole business than I had realized.

The fourth girl I talked to was a lady cab driver in an Eastern city. "Do you know Kinsey?" I asked, as she narrowly missed killing four pedestrians.

"Yeah, Mac. I know him well. He's a lousy tipper."

I decided that it wouldn't be any use continuing that line of questioning, so I cleverly shifted my ground.

"What do you think of pre-marital sex?"

"You trying to make a play for me or something?"

"No. I assure you . . ."

"Then shut up. The way I figure it, a lady either does or she doesn't. The one thing she shouldn't do is talk about it."

At first I decided that this was an old-fashioned attitude, which meant one more strike against Kinsey. But then I was not so sure. The question was would she have talked about it enough to say that a lady doesn't talk about it if Kinsey hadn't come out with those books?

It was a difficult decision to make. I settled it with a question mark.

That is the way I finally decided to leave this survey: With a question mark, that is. Not having the resources of the good professor, I seem to run into subjects that are less than ideal. My tentative conclusion, however, is the same as it was before I began my research: The Kinsey Reports have had a strong impact upon America's young womanhood. According to my figures, at least, one out of four lives the Kinsey way consciously, the other three do so subconsciously.

I realize that my own sampling is small, and would suggest that any reader who disagrees with it run his own survey. It's bound to be as accurate as mine.

But you don't need a survey to live the Kinsey way. All you need is a young lady who fits into the right Kinsey category. Take the 48% of twenty-year-old college girls, for example.

Or, no . . . On second thought, I'll take them. . . .

There are outdoor men and indoor men, common men and outstanding
men, delivery men and statesmen, but we've never seen one quite
like our cover girl Francie Mann before. She's got all the attributes of . . .

A Man's Mann



See next page



The name Mann's obviously a misnomer. It would be difficult to find a more girlish girl than Francie, as a look at these pictures of her proves. But anyway, who cares what's in a name? It's much more satisfying to go by the numbers, which in Francie's



case are 39-27-37. Speaking statistically, that adds up to a mighty neat figure —especially for a Mann!





FICTION

BY MORTON J. GOLDING



When a bunch of play-for-pay girls

get cornered in a stock-market recession,

It's time for drastic measures angled

to provide a royal financier's pleasures!



Cats in the Bull Run

"IT'S DOWN four and a half points," Cheryl wailed, holding the phone away from her lips. "What'll I tell him?"

"Sell," Betty Gerrand said. "Get out, for God's sake!"

"No!" Rusty Hallan tossed her long red hair and stretched, her breasts thrusting defiantly against the top of the thin dress that was made to accent every line in her long-limbed body. "I've got every cent I own in the world tied up that stock!"

"That's just it," Betty countered, setting her face and placing her hands on her hips, so that her own full bosom stood out as defiantly as Rusty's. "We bought on margin, don't forget. If we don't get out soon we'll all be in hock up to our navels!"

"Yeah?" Rusty turned to face her. "Well, this is the time that separates the women from the cry-babies. We got to hold on and hope it rises."

"It'll take a revolution to make Desert Oil swing up again. And there's never been an Arab country that had a revolution to give U.S. stockholders a *greater* share of the profits." Then, as if just realizing something, she took a step forward and said, "Who are you calling a cry-baby?"

"Whoever the name fits."

"Oh yeah?"

Each girl took still another step and the inevitable happened. Two sets of bosoms jabbed into each other.

"Get your big brown eyes out of the way of mine," said Rusty.

"Yeah? You better back up. I'm a woman who needs to expand!"

"Girls, girls," chided Nancy Lee. "This isn't getting us anywhere. We have to make a decision."

"Yes. What'll I tell Sam?" said Cheryl. "He won't stay on the line forever. You can be sure of that!"

"First tell her to get the hell out of my way," said Betty. "I can't think unless I can fill my lungs."

"I'll fix your lungs for you."

"Now, listen to me," Nancy said, firmly. "Both of you take a step backward. Now turn to the right. Isn't that better? You're both standing out nicely." She took a deep breath and proved that Rusty and Betty weren't the only ones who could stand up and out.

"O.K.," said Cheryl. "Now, what do I tell him."

"Say we'll call back," Nancy interjected.

Cheryl did.

"Now, if this isn't a hell of a way to run a brothel," Martha Grady said as she entered the room. At thirty Martha was one of the best looking madams in the business. But right now, she seemed annoyed. "Do you realize I've had a customer in the next room for the past half hour. Which one of you is going to care of him?"

"Does he know anything about the stock market?" asked Rusty.

"No. He's a saxophone player in the Curtain Wilder Band."

"Then, to hell with him!"

"If I knew you girls were going to behave like this, I never would have gotten you into the market."

"I wish you hadn't," Nancy said plaintively.

"Why did you?" asked Rusty, a note of sullenness in her voice.

"I thought it was nicer for you than horseracing. It also lets you be a partner in industrial growth. At least, that's what a banker told me one night. When you own stock, you're not just another whore, you're an entrepreneur! But I certainly didn't think it would interfere with business this way."

"It wouldn't have, if Desert Oil hadn't collapsed."

"Desert Oil!" Martha Grady

gasped. "Why didn't somebody tell me? I jumped into that up to my neck! If that goes, so does the whole bloody house!"

"Don't worry, dear. A house is not a home, you know."

"Stop quoting my late competitors," Martha snapped. "Will somebody let me in on what happened?"

"Sure," Betty said. "That fat slob, the Shah of Kumquait, made a new rule. The profits aren't going to be split down the middle, anymore. From now on, the greedy heel wants 70%. And if the company doesn't like it, he'll cancel the contract and make a deal with some Italian outfit."

"When did he say that?"

"Just today. You know he's visiting Washington? Well, he held a press conference there and made his announcement. We heard it on the radio and called Sam. The stock had already slipped four and a half points."

"That ungrateful S.O.B.," Martha said. "Pulling that while he's a guest of our own government."

"Who gave us that stock tip, anyway?" Cheryl asked.

"Bugs Krause."

"I should have known. Serves us right for listening to a gangster."

Martha was shocked. "What do you mean?" she asked. "If you can't trust a gangster, these days, who can you trust? Certainly not a stock broker. What the hell does a customer's man know?"

"Speaking of customers' men," said Nancy. "What do we tell Sam?"

"I'll think of something," said Martha.

"Yeah," Rusty put in. "And what about the sax player in the next room?"

"My God! I forgot all about him!" She turned to Lois Martel, a pert little blonde who had been sitting quietly, but drinking in every word with interest. (Cont. on page 63)

BUYER

"Johnson, that's not what we mean by 'wearing down a customer's resistance'!"

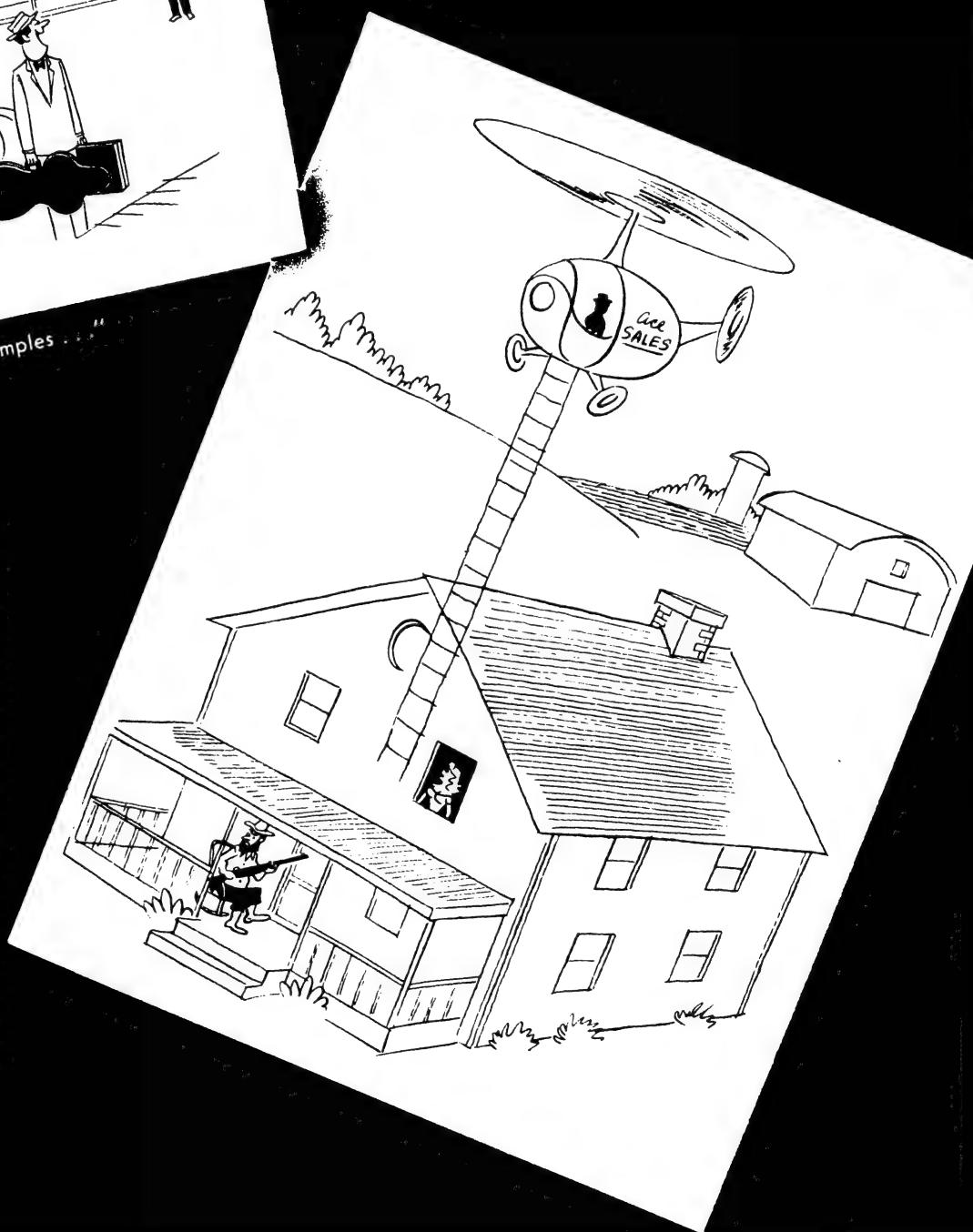
"And, Ma'am, not only does she strip the Peel Potatoes and shave carrots, it cores the apples and cuts side meat."

"Notice the power this vacuum has!"

"It's all right, ma'am—I sell bathroom fixtures!"

BEWARE!

ILLUSTRATED BY FROSTY



THE STORY GOES that a Roman farmer, whose daughter was wronged by a traveling Midianite drummer was the first to issue the warning "Cavat Emptor,"—let the buyer beware. If one's to judge by the endless stream of salesman-farmer's daughter tales, the advice went unheeded and until recently the salesman's lot was easy as well as pleasant. Now the space age has invaded selling as well as every other profession. Chances are the farmer's daughter is a much hipper chick than in grandpappy's day. But don't waste your pity on the salesman. By nature his mind is an inventive one, and gathering together all the newest sales techniques, these Frosty cartoons show how the modern salesman uses gadgets, psychology and other aids to achieve the same goals as his predecessors.



Who'da

**You can lead a girl to water,
but you can't make her dip. That's
what our photographer thought
Paula Angeles was trying to say to
him. Maybe so, but where there's
a whim, there may be a swim!**



Thunk She'd Dunk?



AS FRIENDLY as she is beautiful, Paula Angeles chatted all the way to the pool and all the time these pictures were being taken there. The gist of her conversation was as follows: "Oh, I'd just love to take a dip, but I don't dare. It would just wreck my hair and I just had it done yesterday. But, gosh, the idea of a swim's so inviting! Still, it would simply ruin my nails and I have a date to go to this formal tonight. But it's so darned hot and that water looks so cool! No, I won't let myself be tempted! I simply won't! Besides, I didn't even bring along a bathing suit!" All the time the photographer was posing her and setting up his shots, she kept up this running commentary. And the more she talked, the more determined she became not to give in and dive in—and the more convinced the lensman became that no matter how many great shots he got at poolside, he'd get no opportunity to shoot her in the briny. Obviously, Paula had made up her mind not to dunk. Still, changing her mind is the traditional prerogative of every woman!



**A real cool pool . . . the
sun streaming down . . . and a
poised beauty . . . a summer
sight to recall during Autumn.**

**She willingly posed all over the pool-grounds, but
wouldn't go in the water. She said she wouldn't, she
said she couldn't, she said that swimming was
absolutely out of the question. And after she'd said
all that, woman-wise, she sighed and took the plunge!**





THE FLING'S THE THING

BY HANK GROSS



If you've ever had the urge to thumb your nose at the world
and go off on a lark, consider the tales of those who have!

SAM HELCK, a Port Chester, N. Y. mechanic, was repairing an ailing engine last March 29th, when suddenly, halfway through the broken carburetor, a strange look came over his face. It was not an uncommon look, having occupied, on occasion, the face of every child, every tippler, every madman who ever lived. It was a gleeful look, the look of a man who, at long last has seen the world in its true light, the look of a man who has finally realized the pointlessness of propriety, the look of a man who has just declared: "Nuts!"

It was, more than anything else, the unmistakable look of a man about to go off on a fling.

Laying down his tools, Helck marched across the street to the terminal of the Port Chester-White Plains Bus Company. He'd heard the ad slogan "Take a bus and leave the driving to us," but Sam preferred to do his own driving. Finding an empty bus, the driver of which was

inside the terminal on his coffee break, Sam started it up and drove off.

With a delighted smirk on his face, he motored the eight miles to White Plains, stopping now and then for passengers, whom he graciously allowed to ride for nothing. "We're giving away free samples today," Sam announced cheerfully. "Sort of an advertising gimmick."

When he reached White Plains (he blithely ignored the fact that many of his passengers weren't going to White Plains) Sam and the hijacked omnibus were halted by police, Sam arrested, and the bus returned to its owners. Since the company refused to press charges, Sam was released.

But ah — Sam hadn't gotten it all out of his system yet. He headed directly back to the bus terminal, awaited his chance and swiped still another bus. Again he jauntily negotiated the local streets, accepting passengers gratis and tooting at taxicabs. He was picked up shortly



by police and again arrested. This time the company did press charges, and Sam was held on a grand larceny rap.

"Why did you do it?" asked arraigning Judge Dominick Capuci.

Replied Sam simply: "I wanted to take a ride."

Psychologists do not yet fully understand what it is that makes normally upright, honest citizens suddenly chuck up everything and go off on a spree. Perhaps it's a reaction against the conformism of our times; perhaps the reaction is rather against one's own personal conformism, such as the dullness of a routine job. At any rate, psychologists agree that we all have a breaking point—you might call it "lark point," because that's what we go on when we reach it—and, as any newspaperman will agree, the way it often manifests itself can be quite amusing.

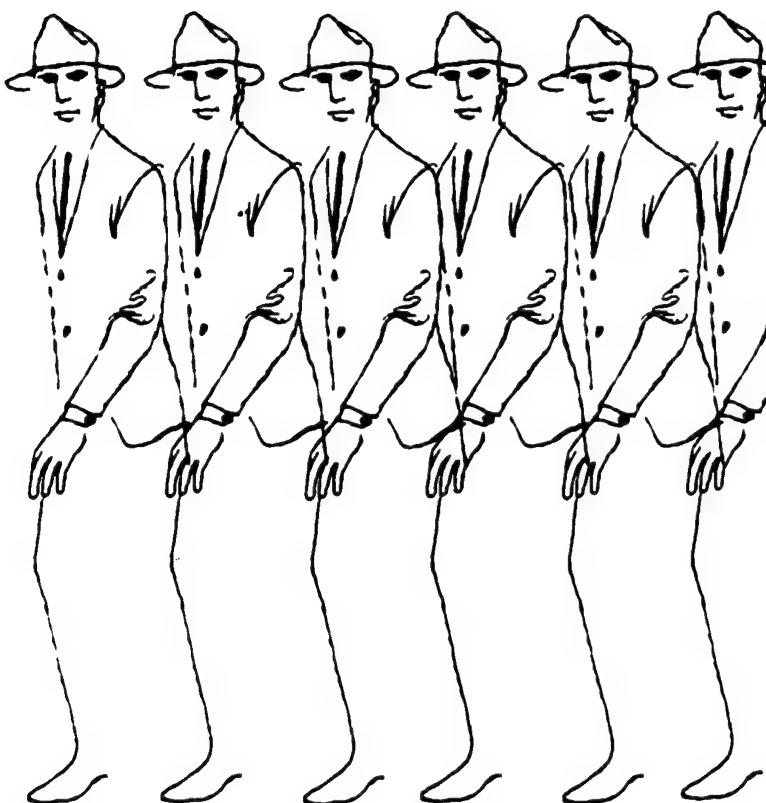
While on the subject of bus-nappers, it might be well to note the actions of one Arthur Thayburg, whose claim to fame rests on a little joyride he took with a loaded schoolbus one morning. Thayburg, a New Jersey schoolbus driver for eight years, had never been to Florida. On the morning of September 27, 1955, he decided it was high time he made the trip. So, after completing his appointed rounds, he turned off onto Route 1 and headed towards the land of sunshine and oranges. He got pretty far, too; in fact, he reached the land of speed traps and segregated lunch counters before he was picked up by Georgia police, charged with

(Continued on page 60)



PAY THE GIRL THE TWO DOLLARS

BY TED MARK



ED RICHARDS WAS MISCAST as a Vice Squad cop. Oh, he looked the part all right. He was big, barrel-chested and muscular with just the hint of a paunch beginning to bulge out below his belt. And he could be tough when he had to be—hard as the pushers, the procurers and the prostitutes with whom he had to cope. But when the fates made Ed Richards a vice cop they neglected one detail; they forgot to remove his heart. It was a soft heart and this made it harder for him than for most of the guys on the Vice Squad.

That heart made him a nice guy and the niceness made one Vice Squad chore particularly repugnant to him. This was the job of "hooking the hookers." A "hooker" is a prostitute and "hooking" her means catching her at her job in a way that will stand up in

There are fifty dollar girls and ten dollar girls, but in today's inflationary world, a girl who charges only two bucks is a rarity!

court. This is usually done by two cops working together. One allows the prostitute to solicit him and accompanies her to her diggings—usually a pad in a cheap rooming house. The other tails them and waits outside the room until the girl has been paid. This is done with marked bills and as soon as the prostitute has them in her hand the second cop bursts through the door and makes the pinch.

At one time the cop inside the room was forbidden to undress and was required to pay the girl before anything happened. The reason for this was that some cops would be so carried away by the act of love that they would become reluctant to carry out their duty. But the play-for-pay girls wised up to this and refused to accept money from a man until he doffed his duds, and so the rule had to be revoked.

Ed Richards ducked this kind of duty as much as he was able. The idea of making love to a woman and then arresting her made him feel like the worst kind of heel. But Ed hadn't been able to duck it this time. The Precinct Captain had decided the streetwalking situation was getting out of hand and something had to be done about it.

"There's a bunch of new talent coming up," he'd told the vice cops, "and it has to be squelched before one of the big boys comes along and decides to organize it. I want these girls discouraged and that means I want convictions."

So Ed had been assigned to work with another cop, Artie Kilgallon, and the two of them had set out for the penny arcade district where the sex traffic was the heaviest. Ed and Artie had flipped a coin and Ed had lost. This meant he was to be Romeo while Artie played "tagalong."

So they wandered down to the district, keeping about a block between them, Ed in front. They didn't have to go far. Ed spotted her in a pose so classic that he suspected her of lifting it from "Anna Lu-casta." Mile-high heels, tight skirt and tighter sweater, leaning against a lamppost and forcing her thick-lipsticked mouth to smile at every unattached man who passed. She couldn't have been more than 19—a novice for sure.

Ed ambled past slowly and returned her smile. "Hello there," she said.

"How are you?" He made his eyes run up and down her lush body insinuatingly.

"Lonesome," she said promptly. "You look lonesome too," she added.

"I am."

"Well, why don't we get together? I could show you a good time."

"Like what?"

"Oh, honey, you leave it to me. You won't be disappointed."

Trite, but to the point, Ed thought. "I don't know if I can afford a good time," he said, playing out the role.

"Sure you can, honey. It won't cost much."

"Like exactly how much?"

Her eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "Ten for the night, only two for a fast roll."

I'll be damned! Ed thought to himself. Two bucks! This one must be an amateur for sure. I'll bet this is her first trick. Even the over-age destroyers who work the winos and the cokies get five. And ten's par for this street. Two bucks! This kid must be desperate. He took another look at her. She didn't look desperate. She looked young and sexy and avaricious in a small-time way. Ed sighed. "Okay," he said. "I'll go for the two."

She took his arm. "My place is just up the block, honey," she said, pressing his arm warmly, suggestively against her breast. She wasn't wearing a bra and in spite of himself Ed felt excitement mounting inside him. "What's your name?" she asked. "Mine's Maida."

"Ed."

"What's your line?"

"Traveling salesman for a sweater company."

"Say, is it true what they say about traveling salesmen?" She laughed. "Well, I guess I'll find out, even if I ain't a farmer's daughter."

From the corner of his eye Ed spotted Artie tailing them from half a block away. The girl turned into an old brownstone and Ed stopped in the entryway and stretched to give Artie an opportunity to finger the place. Her room was on the second floor and Ed dropped a crumpled-up cigarette pack in front of the door to mark it for Artie.

"Get comfortable, honey," Maida told him when they were inside the room.

"You first," he said.

"Uh-uh." She shook her head firmly.

So she'd been wised-up to the idea that cops sometimes stayed dressed and wasn't taking any chances. Ed shucked off his clothes. Dropping his pants on the couch, he fished his wallet out of his pocket. "Might as well pay you now," he said, holding two marked bills. He was anxious to get it over with; he didn't want to make love to her if he could avoid it.

Again she shook her head. "After." She knew the score.

He watched her undress and felt desire building inside him. Naked she looked even younger than she had on the street; but her (Continued on next page)

PAY THE GIRL THE TWO DOLLARS

figure was perfect. The breasts were large and firm and full and her legs were slender and shapely. He felt her long hair trace a tickling line across his chest as she bent to kiss his neck.

Momentarily Ed thought of Artie waiting impatiently outside the door. Then the thought was lost in an upsurge of passion, the wild movements of her body urging him onward, the feel of her flesh pressing against him, the crescendo of their desire as they embraced the universe together . . . together . . . And then it was over.

It had been the best he'd ever known, Ed thought to himself as he lit a cigarette. And yet in many ways it had been decidedly unprofessional; Maida hadn't handled herself like a prostitute; she hadn't been bored and play-acting; she had been as carried away as he had himself. Ed knew he should pay the girl the two dollars and let Artie bust in and make the pinch, but somehow he couldn't, not just this minute; he had to wait a little while.

"You're new to this game, aren't you?" He blurted it out.

"What's the matter? Wasn't I any good?" She looked hurt.

Ed grinned in spite of himself. "You were great."

"So what's the beef?"

"No beef. It's just that you're kind of young for this. And you aren't too professional. But that's all to the good," he added before she could protest.

"Sure," she said, not quite managing to sound hard. "I was a virgin before tonight. You were the first."

There was something about her attempt to act tough that made her seem even more defenseless than before. *Pay the girl the two dollars and get it over with*, Ed told himself, but something made him hold back. Instead, he said, "I'll bet that's not too far from the truth at that."

"Next you'll be asking me how I ever got into this racket."

"Well, how did you?"

"How cornball can you get?"

"I'm really interested."

"Well, after my father died, my mother came down with cancer. There wasn't enough food in the house and my baby brother got the rickets. I took a job with the phone company, but it didn't pay enough.

Then, one night on my way home from work I was attacked. This fellow raped me. I had to have a whad-dayacallit, hysterectomy, and I can't have kids. And then there were all those hospital bills to pay. So I was driven to it—all because of my crummy, cruddy environment."

Ed laughed. "You left out the bloodhounds. Look, I'm really interested. What got you started?"

She saw that he meant it. "I like sex and I like money. Easy dough and kicks." She shrugged her shoulders. "So why not?"

"How long you been at it?"

She gave him a long look. "If I told you this was my first night, would you believe it?"

"Maybe."

"Well, it isn't. It's my fourth."

"It figures."

"Why?"

"Like I told you before, you're just not too professional. Also, you're undercutting the price." *Do I really have to pay this girl the two dollars and pull her in?* Ed thought. She's just a kid. She deserves a break.

"Two bucks is too cheap, huh?"

Maida asked him.

"Sure is."

"Well, if you enjoyed yourself, honey, you can give me a little something extra. I've gotten a few tips from sports already."

"I enjoyed myself." Ed sighed. *Was it too late for her?* He could almost see Artie shifting from one foot to another outside in the hall. He should really pay the girl the two bucks, but—but something inside him made him say what he was thinking. "Did you ever stop to think where this kind of life is going to get you twenty years from now?" he asked the girl.

"What are you? A sky pilot or somethin'?"

"No. Look, I know it sounds corny, but it's just that I like you. I mean, I really like you and I don't want to see you throw your life away. You're too young to have figured all the angles."

"I don't get it. You don't even know me."

"Look, Maida, listen to me. I'm not making any kind of pitch. The easiest thing for me would be to pay you the two bucks and let it go at that. It's just that I think you're a nice kid who's more than a little

mixed up. You've given me great pleasure—much more than two dollars worth—now I just want to do you one. Quit this racket before it's too late."

The girl yawned. "Yeah, I guess you're right." There was no conviction in her voice. "I'll think about it. Meanwhile, I guess you'd better pay me. The night isn't getting any younger."

"Maida, do you know what will happen if I pay you the two dollars?"

"What?"

"A detective will come busting through that door and arrest you."

The girl's eyes opened wide. "You a cop?"

Ed nodded. "Vice Squad."

She looked stunned—for a moment. Then her eyes narrowed shrewdly. "Say," she said tightly, "you wouldn't be tryin' to do me out of the deuce, would you?"

Ed was tempted to fling the two dollars in her face and let Artie make the pinch. But he'd gone this far. He reached into his wallet and took out a five dollar bill—his own money, unmarked—and handed it to her, cautioning her to silence with a finger over his lips. "That's right, baby," he said loudly. "You may not know it, but I'm doing you a favor. I'm not going to pay you. Maybe that'll show you the kind of heartaches you'll get out of this business."

Comprehension spread over the girl's face. She picked up her cue quickly. Silently she tucked the fiver into her purse and threw Ed a grateful smile and a kiss. Aloud, she said, "Why you dirty, no-good louse. You cheap sonuva—Get the hell out of here. Go on beat it, you crumby cheapskate!"

Ed closed the door behind him and then took a deep breath before he turned to face Artie. Cynical was the only word for the look on his partner's face. "You jerk!" he told Ed.

Ed passively nodded agreement.

But Artie was just warming up. "You know," he said, "I ought to turn you in for this kind of a lame-brain stunt. Who the hell do you think you are? She had you right when she labeled you a sky-pilot. You know you could be back pounding a beat for pulling this? You know if I don't cover for you, it's your neck. I got half a mind to—"

"Go ahead then!" Ed said it quietly, looking straight into Artie's eyes.

(Continued on page 67)



"You mean right out here? . . . In the open?"



ON THE JOB...

*with Annette Amber, a hard-working
young poser who proves that the Horatio Alger
method still pays off with success!*

THREE ARE many kinds of jobs for a model — fashion, advertising, glamor, to name but a few. At one time or another, during the few years she's been in the modeling game, top poser Annette Amber has done all of them. In the field of fashion she's posed for lingerie and glove illustrations among others; as an advertising model Annette's been the female symbol for the right toothpaste and the intoxicating come-on for the bubbliest beer; and as a glamor queen, she's reigned over beauty pageants, had her portrait painted by top artists and now finds her way to the pages of ACE, the one spot where glamor is most appreciated. That's a pretty good record for a girl of only 23 years, and it stands as a tribute to the devotion Annette has lavished on her job during the five years she's been a model. Indeed, such single-minded devotion on the job—coupled with her obvious physical attributes — explain why Annette's career has so quickly led her to the pinnacle of her profession. When she's posing, Annette works hard. However, when she's relaxing, she devotes herself to it just as eagerly, as the following pages prove! So flip page and see! •





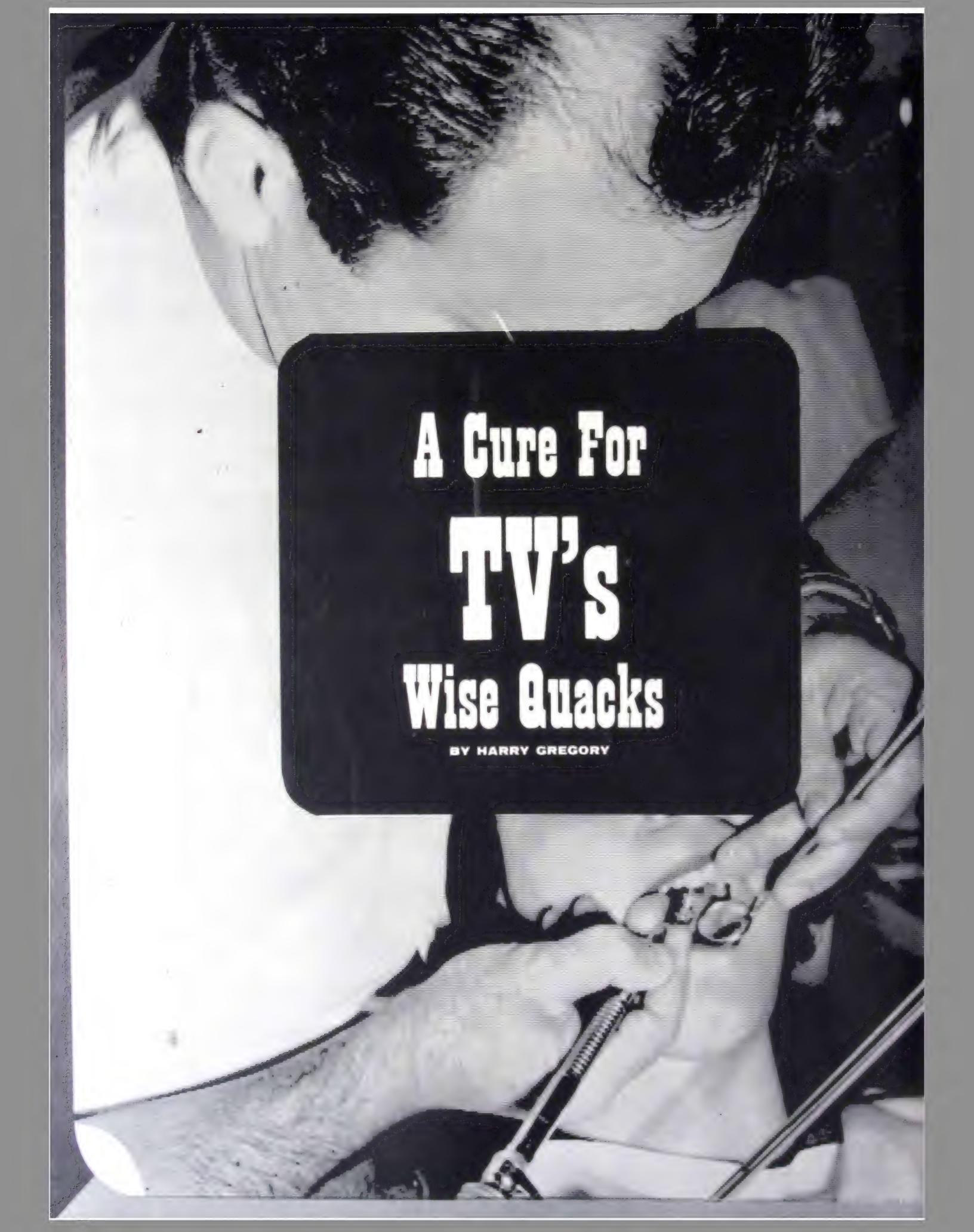
...AND OFF



Annette plays as hard as she works, taking advantage of a break in her busy schedule to take off to a secluded wood!

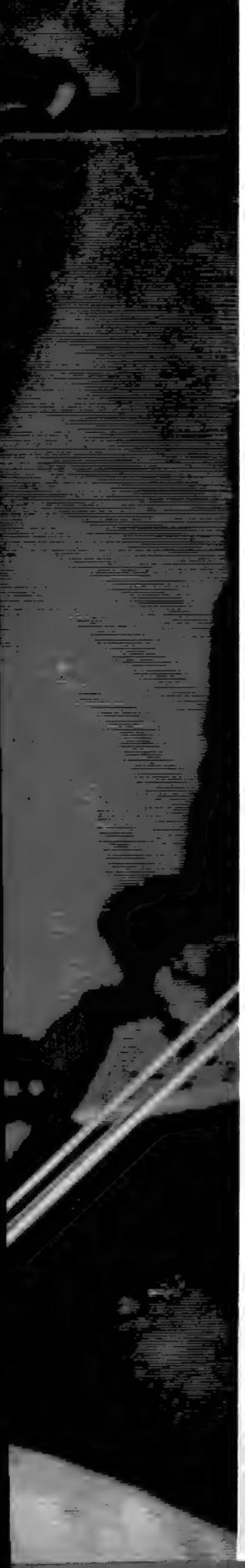


Yesterday she was working hard posing for the pictures on the previous pages, and tomorrow she'll have her hair done and then pose for pictures for a wave-set ad. But today is her day to cavort in the sun; she determinedly makes the most of it!



A Cure For
TV's
Wise Quacks

BY HARRY GREGORY



If Kildare and Casey are your cup of video plasma, then

you'll enjoy suffering along with "Frank Fillmore, D.D.S."!

JUST WHAT the doctor ordered! — That's what medicos have proven to be, in hypo-ing ailing video ratings. This last season has shown that when a Western a day drives the viewers away, when the private eye plague kills off prime viewing time, when sick-tuation comedy causes dial-twitches, the end-all cure-all rests with the medicine men of the airwaves.

But the eyestrain box isn't the only institution to profit by this trend. The docs themselves, from the biggest AMA bigwigs down to the quack who hasn't cracked a medical journal since Ehrlich shot his magic bullet, have gained tremendous prestige among the viewing public thanks to the ministrations of Casey, Kildare and their white-coated clan. No longer need a \$50,000 a year physician who won't make house calls feel guilty because of capitalizing on the common colds which beset his fellow man. Poker-faced Ben and callow Kildare have shown him what a sterling benefactor to humanity he really is.

That's great for the MDs, but what about that one large segment of the medical profession still left neglected in the Minnow pool! It's time their egos are allowed to cash in on the trend. Therefore, for the coming season, we present the pilot program of a new series —

FRANK FILLMORE, D.D.S.

Title fades out. Symbols fade in one by one as music builds to crescendo and voice over identifies them.

Voice over: Gum . . . Tooth . . . Drill . . . Mouthwash . . . Bill . . .

Camera closes in on shot of bill. Music stops abruptly. A scream of pain is heard. Camera cuts quickly to tight shot of hand carrying peanut brittle to mouth, then moves in even closer to show teeth crunching down on peanut brittle. Scream of pain is heard again, then subsides to —

Voice over: This program is dedicated to those who live with pain — the dental patients of America — and to the most feared man in American life — the family dentist!

Camera cuts quickly to dentist Fillmore's waiting room to catch dramatic impact of Dental Assistant Ginger Vitis poised in doorway surveying the waiting patients. The malevolent look on her face tells us she is about to select Fillmore's next victim. Camera follows her gaze, focusing, one-by-one, on the fear-filled faces of those waiting. Finally she makes her selection.

Ginger Vitis: Mr. Poltroon, I believe you're next.

Poltroon (the peanut brittle wrapper is seen clearly between his fingers as he clutches his jaw): No, no, nurse. You must be mistaken. This lady was here before I was.

Lady: The hell I was. I just walked in. (She looks at him indignantly.)

Ginger Vitis (in a coaxing, sing-song voice): Come, come now, Mr. Poltroon. We mustn't keep Doctor waiting.

Poltroon, a burly, truck-driver type trembles visibly. There are tears in his eyes. The camera pans away from him to focus on the office equipment to show the reason for the tears. The drill, the forceps, the novocaine needle — all these appear magnified as fit tools for Boris Karloff. And when the camera focuses on Fillmore, it is Karloff's face we see. Then it fades into the features of Dr. Frank Fillmore.

Dr. Fillmore: Good afternoon, Mr. Poltroon, what seems to be the trouble?

(Continued on next page)

A CURE FOR TV's WISE QUACKS

Poltroon: Nothing, Doc. Nothing at all. Got a piece of peanut brittle stuck in my teeth, but it's gone now. Sorry to have troubled you. Know how many real sick people there are who need your attention.

He edges towards the door, but **Nurse Vitis** bars his way.

Dr. Fillmore: Well, we'll just have a look at it anyway. Please be seated. (He indicates the dental chair and Poltroon lowers himself into it gingerly like a man going to his own electrocution.) Now, if you'll just open your mouth, please. (Camera pans in on the opening mouth, achieving the effect of a close-up of a yawning hippopotamus.) Ah, yes, I see the trouble. (Accusingly.) You've gone and lost a filling, Mr. Poltroon. You should be more careful. Well, we'll just have to replace it. My, that is a nasty cavity. It'll take quite a bit of drilling, I'm afraid.

Deftly, Fillmore begins inserting cotton wads into Poltroon's mouth. He hums as he works. Finally, he stands with a cotton wad in each hand, surveying the overstuffed orifice and looking for a place to put them. Determinedly, he stretches first the upper lip and then the lower lip to insert the last two wads. Then he steps back to look at his handiwork. Ginger peers over his shoulder and shakes her head admiringly. Fillmore picks up two clamps and fastens the packing.

Ginger Vitis: Frank, you've a real genius for your work.

Fillmore (gruffly): It isn't genius, Ginger. It's the willingness to pay attention to the painstaking details. It's dedication to dentistry. As my old mentor Dr. DeSade used to say, "If a man isn't willing to devote his whole life to dentistry, he's got no business in the profession."

Ginger: There are other things in life, Frank. (She adjust her stocking provocatively. In the chair, Poltroon's bulging eyes bulge even more, but Fillmore is oblivious.)

Fillmore: "Dentistry isn't just pulling teeth," he'd tell us. "It's being willing to devote all one's ener-

gies to the tiniest filling. It's the humdrum, everyday business of drilling and filling and billing."

Ginger: Particularly billing.

Fillmore: Naturally. So you see, Ginger, a dentist is a very special sort of person. People depend on him. He can't allow outside emotions to intrude on his work.

Ginger (stroking his cheek): I know, Frank. But a dentist is a man, too. And a man has to relax some time. He can't be obsessive about his work. A dentist can't just be a dentist; he has to be a complete person, or his work will suffer. (Her lips are very close to his now. Fillmore succumbs and kisses her. They embrace passionately and slide to the couch in the corner.)

Poltroon: Ogg-rff-uljk-oo-ee!

Ginger (breaking the embrace): But we're forgetting Mr. Poltroon.

Fillmore: Quite so... By the way, I see you're using that new mouth-wash sample they sent us.

Ginger: Yes, do you like it?

Fillmore: It's oddly exciting in a peppermint sort of way.

Ginger: It's supposed to make the breath kissing-sweet.

Fillmore: Is it? Let me see. (He kisses her again.)

Poltroon: Ee-oo-uljk-rff-ogg!

Fillmore: Coming, Mr. Poltroon, coming. He strides over to Poltroon, turns a switch and nimbly flicks the wheel of the drill.

Poltroon (expressing horror): Uljk-ee-rff-ogg-oo!

Fillmore (cheerfully): Now, this is going to hurt a wee bit, Mr. Poltroon, so be prepared.

Poltroon: Uljk-uljk!

Fillmore presses the drill to the tooth and his knee to Poltroon's chest. He drills for a moment while Poltroon thrashes in pain. Then he removes the drill and stands back to look at his handiwork.

Fillmore: Oh, that is a nasty cavity; I really wonder if it's worth saving the tooth? Still, as Dr. DeSade used to say, "It's not up to a dentist to make judgments about whether teeth are worth helping; his function is to make sick teeth

well — regardless of the consequences." (He repeats the bit with the drill and steps back once again.) You know, Mr. Poltroon, your canines present a really classic example of orthodonture-gapitis. Humbugger — he was one of the great dental philosophers of all time — claimed this syndrome was the mark of a particular type of personality, a type inclined to violence and sudden outbreaks of temper... Tell me, Mr. Poltroon, do you beat your wife?

Poltroon: Rff-ogg!

Fillmore: No? Well, there are always exceptions... (Conversationally.) Just what line of work is it that you're in, Mr. Poltroon?

Poltroon: Ogg-uljk-ee!

Fillmore: Well, that sounds like a very interesting job. Does it pay well?

Poltroon: Ogg-ogg.

Fillmore: Really? I'll have to remember that when I make out my bill.

Poltroon: Rff-uljk!!!

There are the sounds of a commotion from the waiting-room and **Nurse Vitis** goes to investigate. She bursts through the door—very excited. There are the sounds of sirens, cannons, foghorns, police whistles, etc.

Ginger (shouting over the noise): Emergency, Doctor, emergency! Red alert!

Fillmore (calmly): Put him in Room Two and don't panic. It's at times like these that the dentist worthy of his profession really shows his mettle. (He follows Ginger from the room, addressing Poltroon over his shoulder.) You'll have to wait, Mr. Poltroon, but don't worry. I shall return!

FADE-OUT TO COMMERCIAL.

FADE-IN FROM COMMERCIAL. Scene is Room Two, a duplicate of the first office with dental chair, forceps, drill, etc. As the scene opens Fillmore is bent over the moaning figure of a man cowering in the chair.

Fillmore: I think you'd better tell me how it happened; the dedicated dentist never makes (Cont. on p. 84)

Decisions! Decisions!

Always decisions!

That's the cry of pert

Vivianne Borg, a

much be-hatted miss who

just can't make up

her mind which chapeau

to wear to a snazzy

garden party she's been

asked to attend . . .

"Off the Top of Her Head"





Hipped on bonnets, Vivianne's got a closetful to choose from; but what color shall she choose, and shall it be a formal, or informal topper?



Simple, but smart, this pink turban-type hat might be just the thing. But she bought it last year. Will the ladies find it out of style?

Flat-top number is copied after Chinese coolie hat. Great for shielding from the sun, but would it be too casual for the occasion? Vivianne just can't decide.





Well . . . it isn't bad . . . and black's always in good taste.
Still, Vivianne feels it doesn't really do anything for her (as if any
hat could improve on her natural endowments). That settles it,
though. At last she's decided. She'll just go out and buy a new hat!

'Nuf Said!

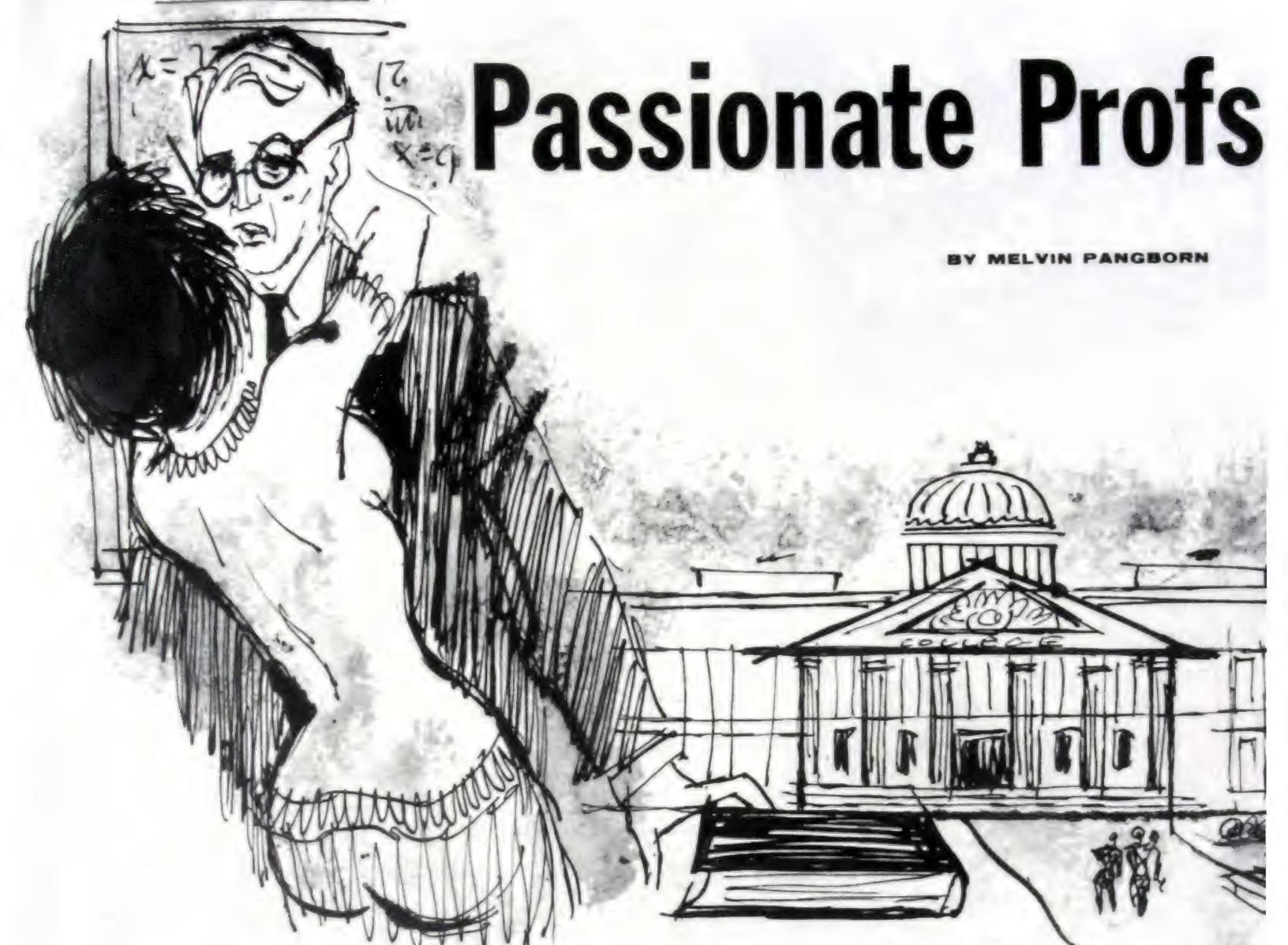


OK NEXT SHOT IS FOR THE
EUROPEAN MARKET, NO BRAS!

Liz' Boss Set To Be Ousted By His Bosses

By WILLIAM NEUGEBAUER
In "extraordinary early" meeting of the board
20th Century-Fox is scheduled here today at its
"quiet war picture to shoot, ... anyday"





Passionate Profs

BY MELVIN PANGBORN

Just how far should a college professor go in teaching sex education?

SEX EDUCATION—at the college level, especially—is under fire by educators, parents and, in some cases, the students themselves. With, it would seem, good reason.

As the dean of a leading New York woman's college put it: "Our biggest roadblock in the way of proper sex instruction is finding instructors capable of teaching sex without using it to further their own warped and lustful ends. Too many frustrated teachers and professors try to work out their own problems by getting involved with girl—or boy—students. They give the subject a morbid flavor and do

more harm than good. There have been a number of cases—hushed up, naturally—of teachers holding certain students after school hours in order to give them 'private lessons' or 'help' them with a tough problem. • Sometimes they do this with different students till they find one just as interested in their particular interpretation of the subject. I'm sure the student gets plenty of sex education under such circumstances, but it's not the kind the curriculum calls for."

This outspoken complaint brings into sharp focus one of the main problems in teaching sex in high

schools and colleges. Many otherwise staid and stolid profs begin breathing heavily when lecturing a gaggle of giggling and highly nubile gal students on the subject of where they came from. Sometimes they do more than just breathe. And that's when trouble starts. That's when—if it can't be "hushed up"—lurid headlines appear and sex education takes another step backward in its rock-strewn path.

It's unfortunate that such "leaks" occur; it's worse that the newspapers make so much of them. Because adequate sex education is essential in an enlightened society (virtually

and Campus Lolitas



And just how far should his coed students go in following his teachings?

all modern educators agree on this) and so long as people tend to become panicky over a few isolated incidents, these should not be blown up by a sensation-mongering segment of the press.

Using these salient facts as a takeoff point, we set out to examine the roadblock — to see if it was really blocking sex education in colleges, and if there wasn't a detour around it. We spoke with dozens of professors, instructors, students, parents and church leaders, most of whom cooperated willingly. Here is what we found out:

In the first place—and as we sus-

pected — the vast majority of the professors and instructors who teach sex education are completely human. Few, if any, of them who become involved in the unsavory publicised "incidents" are rabid monsters or deviates. It still takes two to tangle, whether the liaison takes place in the royal bedchamber, a backroad motel or a deserted study hall. According to Kinsey and others, there are mighty few virgins registered in our college freshman classes, and you need more than a Geiger counter to find one among the juniors and seniors. (This is not a slap at the girls' mores—far from it!—it's

a simple fact of life that their head-in-the-sand parents must face up to.)

No, the big issue is one of elementary biology. In college, as opposed to grammar and high school, the age difference between student and teacher is much less. That is, the girl pupils are full-grown woman; and their instructors are, in many cases, only a few years older. Many assistant professors are in their twenties. Today, no one frowns on a 30-year-old man's dating—or marrying—a 20-year-old girl, and a 15-to-20 year age differential is far from rare. (Cont. on next page)

PASSIONATE PROFS AND CAMPUS LOLITAS

so long as it does not involve a teacher and student!

To make matters worse, it is a fact that many co-eds—particularly the otherwise-shy types and those with a "father complex"—tend to put their favorite teachers on a pedestal, offering them the affection and devotion—usually from a distance—that they would normally reserve for their fathers and/or boy friends. Thus the young and good-looking bachelor professor sometimes has a rough time of it. Being all too human, and under daily exposure to the blandishments of dozens of not-so-coy young ladies, he often finds himself winding up his teaching day a mass of jellified nerves and frustrations. Often, he is unable to work them off in a "normal" way after hours, due to lack of facilities or opportunity.

That is the set-up for trouble.

One handsome young instructor who quit teaching to take up drafting in a Long Island aircraft factory, told this reporter about his experiences while teaching sex to a co-ed class. "To begin with, I'm a little shy with girls, so I guess I was especially vulnerable. Anyway, the seating arrangement in many classrooms is a factor in the matter. The girls face you, and you can see beneath the desks. And they know it! Some of them are darned careless about crossing and uncrossing their legs. When one of them decides you're it, she pulls all the stops. A lot of them are teasers; I think they enjoy making a teacher uncomfortable. Few men, these days, are exposed to so much female exposure except maybe people who work with chorus girls and in dance studios; but they, of course, aren't restricted. But what's the poor prof to do? He either has to be an unfeeling machine—or he gets married or finds himself a steady girl.

"I assure you that, in a class on sex education, the situation becomes ten times worse. Teaching sex in high school is not nearly so bad. There the girls are less sophisticated and more withdrawn. And, of course, they're so much younger that only a degenerate would allow himself to

work up a sweat."

Luckily, most educators are, like this one, healthy individuals who either overcome the problem, manage to live with it—or quit while they're still ahead. Of course there are a few bad apples in every barrel, those who can neither overcome nor live with the problem—and who manage to get themselves fired. A few years ago scandal rocked a Northeastern Ivy League university when it was found that several of the professors kept a very complete pornographic library on the campus and traded items among themselves like baseball cards. Surely there was a kind of sickness involved in this blackest of markets which gave heart murmurs to the puritanical guardians of the school and made the all-male student body leap with salacious joy. Psychologists state unequivocably that men who derive their sexual kicks from viewing dirty pictures are emotionally immature. When they are so careless as to get caught at it, their illness carries even more damaging overtones. It is such men as this who, when they go to pieces emotionally, find themselves involved in sex crimes. Teaching sex in co-ed classes can sometimes be the trigger that causes the breakdown.

The professors in the above case got the bounce, of course, but it gave sex education a black eye in the college, and the faces of the rest of the faculty are still red. One confessed: "It makes it difficult for the rest of us, even now, to teach sex and biology. The students seem to be leering at us all the time, as though to say, 'So how about showing us your dirty postcards?'" He mused wryly, "Of course, it may be only our guilty conscience; still, it's there."

And there we have both sides of the roadblock. By itself, it isn't too formidable; it can't stop the progress of sex education. But—another, and more dangerous, factor in this eternal triangle of profs, passion and prudery is that fact that the general public is so far behind the times when it comes to sexual matters in or out of school that they put the wrong interpretation on genuine

attempts to bring enlightenment to the teaching of sex. This was borne out in the case of Leo Koch, a biology professor at the University of Illinois, who caused the most reper- cursive episode of its kind in recent years.

In Prof. Koch's case, there was no hint of abnormality or lustful design; he was simply a sincerely motivated educator who looked too far beyond his time and a little too soon. But draw your own conclusions—here are the facts:

On April 8, 1960, the professor was fired for advocating premarital sex among college students. He did it in an open letter published in the Daily Illini, a student newspaper. His letter, written in answer to a student's question about campus petting, read in part: "A mutually satisfactory sexual experience would eliminate the need for many hours of frustrating petting and lead to much happier and longer-lasting marriages among our younger men and women." After his discharge, the professor followed up with: "Students who limit themselves to petting may indicate a brainwashing by religious and civil authorities in the name of virtue and purity. If two young people want to have sexual intercourse, it's nobody's business but their own."

Koch could not be accused of personal impropriety since he was happily married with three children, one of them a teenage daughter; moreover, he did nothing secretively—he came right out with his views openly and in print.

But it certainly caused a furor. Newspapers picked up the item and gave it page one headlines from coast to coast. Liberals and seers the world over—including Bertrand Russell—came to the professor's support, while the bluenoses and puritans screamed for his head.

What did the students think? Well, they hanged the University president, Dr. David Henry, in effigy for firing their professor! They signed a petition demanding that he be reinstated, and discussed such things as strikes and other more violent measures. They were, according to a poll, for him 3-1. (Continued on page 68)



"Dad, may I have the keys to the bomb shelter tonight?"



The cat's pajamas! That's what these lovely cat-lovers are as they pose here to demonstrate...

THE POWER OF POSITIVE SLINKING

REGARDLESS of their gender, felines are usually looked upon as feminine creatures. Because of this, there's one school of thought which holds that a truly masculine man will always like cats. On the other hand, there's a diametrically opposed school which says that the virile male will dislike cats for the very reason that they have all the wily feminine characteristics while lacking the humanistic appeal of women. It's a moot point, and no such argument arises concerning women's opinions of cats. With few exceptions, they like them. It might be because of the similarity between the feline and female temperaments; and it might be because there's much that a woman can learn from cats about creating that aura of femaleness which men find so attractive. More than in any other way, this may be seen in the feline manner with which an attractive girl who knows she's attractive carries herself. Observing the catlike grace with which she walks across a room is a lesson in the power of positive slinking. The lesson may also be learned from stationary beauties like these! ●

Liz Stallings looks at kitty and ponders the graceful ease of her quiescent pet.

Peggy Evans and her Siamese (left), are good examples of both feline and feminine grace.



Like kittens, glamor girls can also be playful. Here Reina Truman assumes a kittenish pose (with feline nubility) for a mock tug-of-war with Tabby.





There's something mysterious and exotic about black cats, an Oriental appeal much like that of cat-owner May Montgomery herself.



Cats love to romp outdoors; so too does many a kittenish girl like Annabelle Creighton, shown lolling about with favorite feline.

The feline art of positive slinking and the way in which girls use it is demonstrated by graceful streamlining of Carol Rocco.



'Nuf said, for cat's sake! Let's forget the felines and make a beeline for the pad of their owner, pert-'n'-slinky Sally Huyler!





"I never realized there could be so much wiring under one dashboard!"

The Boudoir Empress

Too hot for the history books, here's the fantastic true-life story of

the lady who set out to conquer Russia by making love to the right men!

BY DAN JULIUS

*Ambition turned the strumpet's head—
An Empress' crown she won in bed.
But when she went to claim her right,
She lost to lust, betrayed by night.*

ON A languorous summer night in 1784 a lone gondolier was paddling lazily homeward over the blue-black sheen of a Venice waterway. Attracted by wild shrieks of merriment, he raised his eyes to a balcony fronting a famous palace. He raised his eyes—and gasped at what he saw.

For there, silhouetted by the light from the multi-colored lanterns decorating the room beyond, stood Elizabeth the Second, Empress of all the Russias. There she stood—tall, regal, beautiful. There she stood—raven hair streaming like a royal plume in the gentle night-breeze, aquiline features etched against the flickering lights as though stamped on a coin, supple, long-legged, full-bosomed figure arched to the moon as though in communion. There she stood—stark naked!

And then the picture was shat-

tered by a commanding trill, a high-pitched laugh, lissome nudity diving gracefully into the canal and followed by other bodies—fully-clad, half-clad, unclad—plopping less gracefully into the water at the Empress' summons. Soon the surface was thick with the drunken bodies of Polish princes, German dukes, French cavaliers, Italian magnificos, Turkish potentates and, yes, even English noblemen. Elizabeth's entourage had followed her lead and history's first nude swimming party in the grand style had been launched.

Their heads bobbed like intoxicated gulls on the water and in their center like a regal eagle, her brown-black eyes shooting sparks of excitement, the beauty whom Venice accepted as the legitimate Empress of Russia, received their sputtering homage. And 'neath the surface her royal elbows rubbed against the garbage, the filth, the slops which underlie the beauty of the Venetian waterway. No, the canal was not the shimmering lagoon it had seemed to the Tsarina—which was only just, for she was not what she seemed to be either.

What she seemed to be varied with the time, the situation and her surroundings. In Venice it suited her to be Empress of Russia and, while in far-off Moscow Catherine the Great fumed at this pretender, there were few in Venice who doubted her claim. Two short years before, in Paris, she had passed herself off as the Princess Aly Emette of Vlodomir, fabled land of lovely women, and to her salon had come the great and near-great of the city on the Seine. A year later she was crossing the Alps as the Countess of Pinneberg, haughtily accepting the tugged forelocks with which the peasantry and innkeepers greeted her noble retinue. And to history she is known as the Princess Tarakanova, the willing pawn in an international chess game involving Poland, Turkey and Russia directly and just about every other European nation indirectly.

Actually, she was neither an Empress, a Princess, nor a Countess. She was something even farther



back in history than royalty. She was a whore.

She was a whore in the grand manner, and she knew her trade. How well is attested to by a series of notable lovers including Admiral Alexis Orlov, commander of the Russian Navy ("Tarakanova is to other women what caviar is to black bread"), Sultan Mustafa of Turkey who died shortly after his one assignation with her, ("A night with the Countess is like a month in the harem"); Prince Radziwill, leader of the Polish rebellion against Russia ("As a patriot I proclaim her Empress of Russia; as a man, I proclaim her Empress of the boudoir"); Prince Philip Ferdinand of Limburg Styrum in Prussia ("My lands, my honor, my life for one kiss!"—a tribute he came close to paying) and Monsieur Marine, most accomplished Parisian roue of the day ("Thirty years of making love were but a preparation for my affair with Princess Aly").

Princess Aly's salon on the Ile St. Louis was the talk of Paris in the autumn of 1772. Monsieur Marine had been but one of the *haute monde* of the city who had been drawn there by the beauty of the Princess and the wit which sparked her gatherings. Like the others, he may have doubted her claim to royalty and wondered about her true origins, but the closest he ever came to tracing her background was a conversation with an Eastern

princeling who claimed he had known the Princess when she was a houri in the harem of the Grand Turk. The Princess herself greeted this rumor with a mysterious smile, refusing to confirm or deny it, letting it be incorporated into the living legend she was fast becoming.

This legend was financed by two of her lovers, Mackay, a wealthy Englishman, and Poncet, a French government official. They were alone in paying for her favors, but not in sharing them. She had many other lovers, chief *Continued p. 70*





THE REDHEAD FROM

Meet the shady lady who pinched a nickel

BY HARRY ROSKOLENKO

AND THAT'S HOW the neighborhood changed when the old buildings with the high ceilings and the low rent were torn down and replaced by tall, square, deadly boxes for which the new people paid a lot of rent. There was an endless amount of noise between the destruction and the construction, and when it was over only those with good incomes like the call girls could afford the new rent and all the changes.

The changes were mostly visible in the women when they shopped in the super-style groceries: for one knew by what they bought what they were. They entertained; they served up things in tall glasses with fine cheeses and delicatessen. The delivery boys, who trundled off large boxes to the apartments of these women, would tell the grocery cashier, "I got a quarter tip and her place sure smells nice." But they also said other things that were not so nice. "That whore's a whore! She gave me nothing! That damn —!"

That damn —! was the one that started everything. She had been, briefly, a show girl before she became a call girl. She had also been a model for artists before she discovered that undressing, being stared at, painted, touched—and taken for her other loving virtues, was also in the accounts receivable ledger—and she literally learned how to add money from that day on. In less than ten years, at 28, she had gone through the entire range of relationships and had emerged as a most attractive, wanted, constantly called up, well paid red-headed prostitute. After that she spent more time in bed than out of it.

But she was very cheap, said the delivery boys. Every day they delivered and every day it was the same story—no tip.

The afternoon that Tom, a delivery boy of 25,

CHEAPSVILLE

so tightly the Indian rode the buffalo!

delivered the groceries, he evidently came just at the tail-end of a business interlude. The man was heading for the bathroom and the girl, Lelda, was slowly putting on her dressing gown. Tom was let in just in time to see the client disappear, holding onto his clothes, banging the bathroom door shut, making angry remarks about lack of decorum.

"Just put the damn stuff into the refrigerator and blow, Tom," said Lelda, lighting up a cigarette. "There's a man inside who'll be embarrassed if you see him again."

"I saw him, lady," said Tom, going to the kitchen and opening the refrigerator door.

"Put the soda on the bottom shelf, not on the top where you put it yesterday, Tom."

"Yes, ma'am—on the bottom shelf."

"And the butter on the side shelf, not in the center, Tom."

"On the side shelf, ma'am."

"And get the hell out of here as fast as you can!"

"Yes, ma'am, as fast as I can."

But Tom was taking his time, reorganizing the refrigerator. He moved things about with exact precision, looking up every few seconds to take in Lelda's robed frame, wondering what sort of a woman she really was—at least for the man behind the bathroom door who had left the fifty dollars on the coffee table. It lay there like some unattached thing, with red-headed Lelda looking at it uncomfortably, but making no effort to pick it up.

Tom wondered at this. Was it some pretentious act of grace? Tom looked at the bill, then at Lelda who had, unconsciously, allowed her robe to open. Tom looked with scientific certitude. Yes, Lelda could make a man quite warm in the summer, especially a delivery boy who was never tipped for his work.

Lelda got up, went to the bathroom, knocked, and the client opened the door.

"You must hurry— (Continued on next page)



THE REDHEAD FROM CHEAPSVILLE

I expect my mother here soon," she said.

"And if your mother finds me here, quite dressed — then what?" asked the man, not disguising his annoyance. "Just tell her that I'm your last customer—yes?"

"Please, she thinks that I've got a job at an insurance company. Please!"

"Well, it is insurance, isn't it?" laughed the man. "Okay, I'll be on my way in a minute."

"Thanks, Mr. Roberts."

With that Lelda looked in on Tom, still busy with the groceries. "Come on, will you," she admonished him. "I'm expecting another customer—hurry up!"

"I thought it was your mother?"

"I said it was my mother for that guy to hurry!" And Lelda went off to her bedroom, to re-set the scene for the next customer.

When Tom looked up again the man was leaving the bathroom. He did not say goodbye to Lelda in the bedroom. Instead, the man walked back to the living room, lit a cigarette he found on the coffee table, made a little choking sound—and Tom lost him—his line of vision blocked. Then Tom heard the apartment door open softly and close again—and the man was gone.

Then he heard Lelda swearing about something. She came into the kitchen more nude than dressed, saying, "When in hell did you take the fifty dollar bill, Tom?"

"I take what?"

"That damn money he left—you took it."

"I did not! I'm still putting the butter away."

"If you don't give me that money, Tom, I'll call the police." She was bright red with anger, her breasts jiggling up and down with emotion and strain.

"If you call the police, lady, what can you say to them? That you earned it at the world's oldest profession? Can you tell them you're a call girl, lady?"

Lelda looked puzzled for a mo-

ment, then said warily, "No, I can't, damn it!"

"That customer of yours must have taken it if it didn't blow out the window. You know, you've got your fan on."

"It could have been that," said Lelda. She walked to the window to see if the bill had blown down into the yard, one flight down. There was nothing but a cat in the yard.

"It's not there, Tom. Turn your pockets inside out, you thief!" she yelled.

"I certainly will not, lady. What do you think I am?"

"I know what you'd like to do," said Lelda with knowing sarcasm.

"What I'd like to and what I haven't done are two separate things, lady. I might want to make love to you but not for fifty dollars—see!"

"For how much then if you didn't take the money?"

"For all the tip money I didn't get—if you follow me."

"Follow you? You mean for about a quarter of a dollar?"

"Just about that, lady. I like things better when it's for free—on the house."

"Not in my house, you louse! You'd better get that fifty up, you thief!"

"I'm going to phone my lawyer, lady," said Tom seriously. "I am being unjustly accused. If you don't apologize at once, I'll sue for defamation of character."

Tom reached for the phone before Lelda could stop him. He fended her off, dialed a number, and started talking. Lelda was confused.

"Please! Please!" she yelled. "Get off the phone. Okay, you're innocent. The man took the money—okay."

"Okay, what, lady?" asked Tom, still talking to his lawyer. His conversation, and the lawyer's alleged replies, sounded extra-legal. Great sums of money were being mentioned. Tom said that he intended to sue for ten thousand dollars, at least.

"Ten thousand? Are you mad, Tom?" asked Lelda. "This is a frame-up, Tom!"

"Did you hear that, Mr. Jones? Now she's accusing me of framing her. Can we add another five thousand dollars to the suit?"

There were all sorts of loud sounds and buzzes at the other end. The lawyer was, allegedly, suggesting that another ten thousand dollars should be added, and Tom was saying to Lelda over the buzzing noises, "If you want to listen in, you can get the real legal aspect of your accusations—and what we'll really do to you. First I'm called a thief, then a frame-up artist. Well, you can't get away with it, lady. I'll sue you out of your panties, bedroom, clients and all. I'm an honest, much-un-tipped delivery boy. I've got emotions, too. I've got all the good human physical reactions, as well. I'm ethical, to the bargain—so what happens?"

"Can't we work it out now, Tom? Can I pay you off perhaps?"

"You mean you might tip me a quarter of a dollar with every delivery? Well, aren't we getting overly generous, lady?"

"I mean . . ." and Lelda could not say what she meant, and Tom was thinking brightly, his head all plan, his eyes now playing on Lelda's bosom, the robes parting just a bit more, and his voice falling into the majesty of his thoughts. And he was finally saying, "You mean that I can get a real tip whenever I call? You mean, without money and without further accusations, I can — well. Now you're being very legal, lady—lovingly legal. It's a deal and no signatures are needed. I'll try trusting you for a few weeks, lady; but before I call off my lawyer, let's try your legality. And it's a good thing that I'm studying law at night and that I'm an honorable man. Shall we try it once a week for a year, lady? Or twice a week for half a year, Lelda?"

And the much un-tipped Tom, the delivery boy with the bounce, was helping himself to a Scotch and soda. What a tip! What a great, big, round, lovely tip twice a week!

THE JOKER'S GEMS



Colonel Archibald, late of Her Majesty's Service, had just returned to London after 30 years service in India, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Afghanistan. Who should he meet in Picadilly but his old orderly Corporal Higgins.

After an exchange of pleasantries Corporal Higgins, also retired, admitted that his army pension was far from sufficient for his needs and that he was looking for a job. "Is that so, Corporal," Colonel Archibald responded. "It just so happens that I've been searching for a valet, and I can't think of any man more suited for the job."

"A valet, sir?" the old corporal inquired. "What are a valet's duties?"

"Very simple, Higgins," the Colonel answered. "All you have to do is treat me the same way you did in India."

Salary arrangements were made and Higgins promised to start the very next day.

At 7 a.m. the next morning Higgins entered the Colonel's house, muttered to himself, "I'll treat him exactly as I did in India," walked into the Colonel's bedroom, awakened the Colonel with a "Time to arise, Sir," and slapping the Colonel's wife on the lower extremities blasted, "All right wench, back to the village with you!"

A woman asked a waiter at a well-known summer resort what he did during the regular season. "I'm studying to be a doctor," the young man answered.

"A doctor, no less! Then maybe you'd like to meet my daughter. Not only is she a college graduate, but she can cook magnificently, and she sings like a bird."

"Is she good looking?" asked the medical student.

"If she was good looking," snapped the woman, "would she need you?"

An elderly lady was introduced to Dr. Jameson at a party. At her first opportunity she cornered the gentleman and said, "Doctor, I'm so glad to meet you. Let me ask you a question. Lately I get a terrible pain here in my side when I raise my arm like this. What should I do about it?"

The gentleman answered, "I'm very sorry madam, but you see I'm not that kind of doctor, I happen to be a doctor of economics."

"Oh," said the old lady. "So tell me Doctor, should I sell my General Motors and I.B.M. stocks?"

An executive came home one night and slumped unhappily at the dinner table.

Noticing his state, his wife asked what was wrong. "Well," he moaned, "You know those aptitude tests I'm giving over at the office? I took one today and it's a good thing that I'm the owner of the company."

* * *

A wrinkled old lady tottered into a lawyer's office and asked for help in arranging a divorce.

"A divorce?" asked the unbelieving lawyer. "Tell me grandma, how old are you?"

"I'm eighty-four," answered the old lady.

"Eighty-four! And how old is your husband?"

"My husband is eighty-nine."

"My, my," said the lawyer, "and how long have you been married?"

"Next September will be sixty-two years."

"Married sixty-two years? Why should you want a divorce now?"

"Because," the old lady answered calmly, "enough is enough."



"George!"

Designing Woman . . .



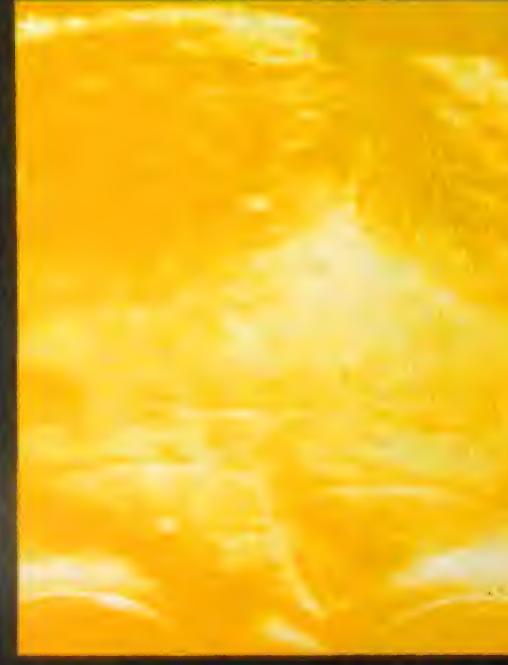
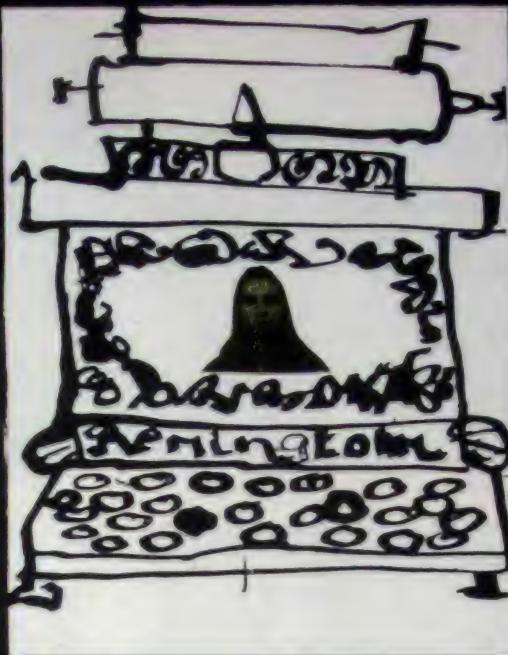
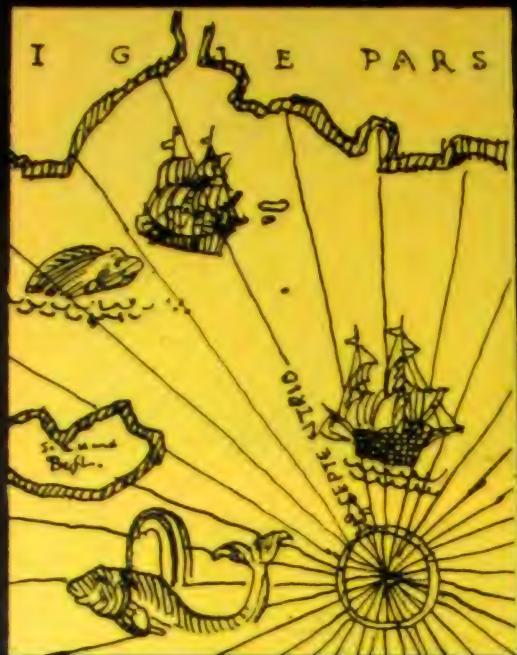
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WHY "SQUARE PEGS" DIE YOUNG

BY JAY MARTIN

"**W**ORK," as some deep thinker once said, "is the curse of the drinking classes."

This quote sums up a good healthy attitude about any sort of job. But if having to work is a necessary evil, it is a sad fact that some jobs are even worse than others. And holding the wrong sort of job can louse a man up better than most anything I know of—with the possible exception of getting involved with the wrong woman.

The ancient Greeks used to tell the sad story of a giant named Atlas who stood stock still like a mountain and held up the heavens so they wouldn't come crashing down. After several centuries at this sort of work, Atlas actually turned into a mountain range.

Now, the Greeks were an ingenious people and usually quick to catch the point of their own myths. But, for some unknown reason, they missed out on this one: Atlas obviously turned into that mountain because his job had been to act like one for so long!

All of which goes to indicate the first dangerous problem concerning jobs: If you stick to one long enough and faithfully enough, you are liable to turn into it.

And it's not only true of ancient Greece. Everyone has heard of the faithful stenographer who stayed passively behind her typewriter for thirty years or so until she finally got to look like one. Or the high-pressure salesman who could not kiss his wife without offering her a special discount if she said yes!

Back in 1853, Herman Melville (author of *Moby Dick*) wrote what many consider his short-story masterpiece, *Bartleby the Scrivener*. Bartleby, an ex-clerk in the Dead Letter Office, was hired as a copyist by a lawyer. At first, he would do his work, but nothing else. Then, he wouldn't even do his work, but merely stayed on in the office day and night, squatting there. When anyone asked him to do something, his answer inevitably was, "I would prefer not to."

Eventually, the lawyer must move in order to get away from his presumed employee. The new tenant has the clerk arrested and the lawyer visits him in prison where he still squats and refuses all orders and favors with the words, "I would prefer not to."

It is a frightening tale. And the point seems to be that if a man works in a Dead Letter Office too long, he becomes a dead letter, himself!

Now-a-days, other jobs have the same numbing effect. There is the story of the "method" actress who portrayed the part of a "woman of easy virtue" in an off-

Broadway production. I don't need to tell you what happened to her!

This story has a rather tragic aftermath, incidentally. It seems that the lady grew to like the real-life extension of her role so well, that she began to neglect her on-stage duties. She missed rehearsals, flubbed her lines and, eventually, had to be dropped from the show.

She was finally saved by a kind-hearted director who persuaded her to take the role of a Salvation Army miss. Her old friends report that she's never been the same.

The point is that people tend to identify with their jobs to a rather frightening degree.

Give a man a good job with a big, respected company and he's a world-beater. Take the company and the job away from him, and he is suddenly the mildest little chap you ever did see.

For example, there is the sad case of a man called Fred Fingle who worked as a sales representative for a foreign car corporation. Fred was not only aggressive, but rather overbearing and somewhat of a bore. According to his own stories, he had women trying to break down the door of his bachelor flat. And when he'd take a girl for a spin in his little demonstration model, he would give her the kind of demonstration only vaguely connected with cars.

Then the company got into trouble. As a matter of fact, they collapsed—overseas, that is. It was certainly not our hero's fault, but the next thing that any of his friends knew, he was out of a job.

It wasn't long before Fred connected again. But this time it was with a small outfit that sold those little ten and fifteen cent children's novelties that you can pick up at your local stationery store.

Needless to say, his whole personality changed. From a would-be Casanova, he grew shy and reserved with girls. He'd hardly ever get up the nerve to go out on a date, and when he did, he'd not only be too scared to steal any bases—he was so shy, he'd refuse to even get in the batter's box! At the same time, any man could over-awe him. It got so bad that he found himself giving up his seat in a bus to a professional football player.

Eventually, the poor bewildered soul went in for psycho-analysis. His doctor, being hip to the job routine, suggested that he get himself a new position, somewhere. He did—this time working for a manufacturer of sporting goods.

(Continued on page 62)

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THE FLING'S THE THING

(Continued from page 25)

hookey-playing in the first degree and sent home.

Though he lost his job, Thayburg was not jailed for his little excursion. Perhaps the school board was aware that even the best of us are prone to impulsiveness now and then.

Of that there is no question. In fact, it is often the best people who go on the wildest flings. A case in point is Kathleen O'Mera, a wealthy English lady known throughout the London upper crust for her lavish parties, regal attire and impeccable manners. One day while out golfing with three male companions, Miss O'Mera had the misfortune to drive her ball into a nearby body of water. One of the men had the subsequent misfortune to burst out laughing. Miss O'Mera's blue blood turned red at last. Yielding to an impulse that must have been hovering just under her royal facade for years, she gave a shriek and attacked the offender, downing him with a No. 5 iron and knocking him cold with a putter. With what was later described in court as "an insane grin on her face," she proceeded to assault the two others, these with a No. 9 iron. Luckily they escaped serious injury.

Hauled before a magistrate, Miss O'Mera was soundly fined and remanded to jail for ten days. But she accepted her sentence with her old grace, and the gentle smile on her genteel face was due neither to mortification nor insanity. It was quite obvious that her little fling on the golf course had been like a birthday present after many years of privation; no price—even prison—was too steep to pay for the pleasure.

Examples of such impulsiveness occur daily, and more likely hourly. While almost all lead to demotion in the eyes of society, they provide an inner satisfaction that can often be gained in no other way. Consider the radio announcer who had been reading the weather reports for a local Oklahoma station for fourteen years without getting a promotion. One morning his discontent spilled over in the midst of his umpteenth forecast. "Cloudy, with some sunshine . . ." he was saying; then he snapped: "Ah," he said disgustedly, "sunshine my ass. It's pouring like a bastard out there. The weather today is for beaths—and so, as a matter of fact, are all you no-good bums out in—ha ha—radioland . . ."

Or consider the 42-year-old Oakland, California man who walked into the Orinda branch of the Central Valley Bank to make the final payment on a loan for his 1960 automobile. He carried with him a large

bakery box. Walking up to Assistant Manager Thomas Skate, he opened the box, removed a meringue-topped chocolate cream pie and slowly ground it into the bank official's face—something he had been wanting to do ever since the bank had repossessed his car during the financing period.

One of the wildest half hours in New York City history occurred as a result of the carefree capering of one Hilda Manfield, a buxom 200-pounder who liked to sing in the shower. One hot afternoon in the middle of the blistering 1958 summer, the plumbing in her Park Ave. suite broke down. Unable to shower, Hilda went out onto her second floor balcony to try to cool off. Piece by piece she peeled off her garments, oblivious to the crowd beginning to gather below. Before long, Hilda had gone as far as she could go. Then she began to sing. Loud and clear, the notes of the opera *Carmen* floated down to the growing crowd. All along the block heads were popping out of windows to catch the act, traffic was obstructed as the mob on the street grew in size. Cries of "Shake it baby!" drifted up, as Hilda swayed to her own music.

Finally two police cars and a fire truck pulled up. While the audience cheered, a ladder was raised to the balcony, a blushing fireman clambered up and Hilda was herded back into her apartment.

"I felt like singing," she told police angrily. "Can I help it if those silly people want to gape at a fat old woman like me?"

She was charged with disorderly conduct.

Not all flings, however, are spur of the moment affairs. Into some of these revels goes a goodly amount of thought and planning. For instance, the little old man who, all his life, had wanted to swipe a penguin. Informed not long ago by his doctor that he had cancer and but eight months to live, 61-year-old Brian Leginup of the Bronx decided that it was now or never. Carefully he cased the Bronx Zoo, noting entrances and exists, schedules of watchmen, layouts of the penguin houses.

On the night of March 12, 1962, a penguin disappeared from its hut at poolside. Next morning it was discovered paddling about in the fountain-pool in the Parkchester Oval. to the cheering of about 300 children. Leginup, observing all this from the sidelines, was ecstatic. Police were befuddled.

On the night of March 24, Brian abducted another bird. Next morn-

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ing, there it was again in the Parkchester fountain. Police, suspecting teenagers, put extra guards around the zoo. But Leginlup, who was having the time of his life, had studied the place thoroughly. Two weeks later, on the night of April 6, another penguin disappeared.

Chagrined and angry, police quietly dispersed a squad of fifteen plain-clothesmen to the zoo. At last, on April 19, Brian Leginlup was apprehended as he was leaving the zoo with his fourth penguin.

Said Leginlup to the judge: "Well sir, I sure did swipe penguins for awhile there!" In view of Leginlup's limited life expectancy, the judge suspended his sentence — on provision that he didn't purloin any more penguins from the park.

Not all sprees end with a suspended jail sentence, nor even with a full jail sentence. Some of them backfire explosively long before the law has had a chance to step in.

Such a disaster was the lot of three young Pennsylvania men, ages 19, 20, and 23. One evening, for kicks, they decided to go to the Red Diamond Bar in Philadelphia, an establishment whose clientele consisted mainly of females past the age of sixty. They had gone there once before and had spent a lively, if cruel, evening, leading on the aged wenches, who'd left their primes of life around the time Hoover had vacated the White House.

But something went haywire on this evening. The young men got a little too much booze under their belts—and when they woke up the next morning they were not in Philadelphia, but in Maryland. In a motel. And each was legally married to a living Geritol commercial!

In due time, of course, the marriages were declared void, but not before the young men underwent several weeks of harrowing uncertainty. Needless to say, the Red Diamond Bar had three fewer customers thereafter.

Another bust that blew up, literally, in the instigator's face was the tear gas tantrum of 30-year-old Diane Stoper. Fearing the storied teenage gangs that roamed the streets of New York, Diane had sent for a dozen tear gas pens through the mail. She soon acquired the habit of carrying all twelve of them in her handbag whenever she went out.

With such power at her fingertips it was inevitable that something would finally snap. S-day came on August 9, 1959. A group of youngsters approached her to ask her the time. Misinterpreting their intentions, Diane snarled and let loose with gas warfare in each hand. The youngsters fell, choking, to the pavement.

"Rotten kids!" muttered Diane.

drawing two more pens from her pocketbook. She then marched down the block, firing mercilessly at anyone below the age of seventeen. At the tenth pen Diane got careless and held it facing the wrong end.

When police grabbed her she was lying on the sidewalk, gasping amid a cloud of her own tear gas. She was sent to Bellevue for psychiatric examination.

A Mr. Marsey L. Zavala, 44, of Los Angeles also ran into some difficulty as a result of a little lark. For laughs he had joined "The Society of Truly Great Lovers," California chapter, receiving a small printed membership card testifying to his qualifications. Unfortunately his wife found the card in his coat pocket one day. She hauled him into divorce court, and, on the basis of the printed card, won a decree. Under California's community property laws, she won just about everything else too. Poor Mr. Zavala was left with little else but his membership card in the Society of Truly Great Lovers—and an expired one, at that!

As flings go, however, none can top that of 22-year-old William Kampf, who, on August 6, 1953 perpetrated what has since become known as the Great Ham and Eggs Holdup. At 3:30 a.m. that morning, Kampf walked into John's Diner at Fulton St., Brooklyn and ordered breakfast. He seemed to be brooding as he ate. Suddenly he jumped up and raced outside.

"Hey!" yelled the counterman. "You didn't pay your bill!"

He needn't have worried, though, for within five minutes Kampf was back, and marching in front of him at pistol point were half a dozen people whom he had rounded up at a nearby subway entrance. Kampf ordered them to sit down. Then he chased the counterman into a back room.

"Okay now!" bellowed Kampf to the conscripted customers. "What'll you have? It's on the house!"

Soon twenty persons were eating a compulsory breakfast. Kampf beamed at his brood. After everyone had forced the meal down, Kampf began giving away presents. To a lady went a dozen eggs; one man got a salami; another received a dozen thick slices of ham. Then Kampf dipped into the cash register, awarded himself \$70 for services rendered and strolled leisurely out.

He was apprehended about an hour later and brought before a judge. "Well," said the magistrate sternly, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Kampf grinned serenely at the black-robed symbol of social etiquette. "Nuts!" he declared proudly. "Nuts to you!"

And that just about sums it up perfectly.

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WHY SQUARE PEGS DIE YOUNG

(Continued from page 59)

The last anyone heard of Fred, he was in a hospital after a skiing accident. He had persuaded himself that he was the world's greatest athlete and tried to go around both sides of a tree at the same time.

Of course, Fred's case was a special one. But jobs can do peculiar things to a man.

It is a known fact, for example, that the wrong job can louse up a man's love life.

One guy who found this out the hard way was an advertising executive named Bill Grondor. On the surface, Bill was a hard-driving young man in a hurry whom everybody on Madison Avenue thought did not have a single care in the world.

He was working on a cosmetic account, placing lush blurbs for lipsticks and facial powder, on radio and television. The problem was that the more Bill placed them, the less he liked them. In fact, he got downright hostile to them. Every time he'd hear an announcer talking about the magic romance of moonlight and a summer breeze, he'd get sick to his stomach. And every time he'd see an attractive young lady, he'd think about that announcer talking about the magic romance of moonlight and a summer breeze.

Then, he'd get sick to his stomach!

If this wasn't a situation to stop romance dead in its tracks, nothing ever was.

Bill had three choices. In the first place, he could have given up women, altogether. Or, if that didn't suit him, he could have gone with ugly girls who did not remind him of the young beauties who read cosmetics copy on television. His third choice was to change jobs.

He did the latter, going to an agency which sold men's after-shaving lotion. He didn't particularly approve of this copy, either, but since he was never wild about men, anyway, this didn't bother him.

Of course, few men are unlucky enough to have Bill's type of association. But a job you despise can effect your sex-life in more indirect ways.

A recent newspaper article, in fact, quoted an expert in the employment field as stating that when a man is unhappy in his work a gradual, but definite change takes place in his personality. Among other things, "He becomes more irritable and tense, loses his patience readily, and is more apt to complain, even about little things."

In other words, he turns into a real drag.

Now, no girl in the world wants a man like this. Nor, does a man in

this condition particularly want a girl.

This is perhaps the worst of it. That lovely young thing's habit of tapping her long fingernails upon the table is merely annoying under ordinary circumstances. But when you're suffering from job fatigue, it is literally more than you can bear.

Or take the curvaceous miss who just loves to speak baby-talk in a high squeaky voice. In normal times you're quite willing to put up with it because of the promise she holds forth for later in the evening. But the man who's already half ape from the job doesn't think about later in the evening. All he is capable of thinking about is how to sooth his shattered nerves by getting her to cease.

While you're not liable to go as far as one unhappy devil who finally shouted at the girl to shut up or start talking like a woman, you are still apt to damage the relationship beyond repair.

Even if the young lady happens to be a perfectly splendid example of femininity, a job happy chap is just as likely to suddenly turn on her as not.

Take the example of Marvin Slimmer who was going with a beautifully built girl who satisfied him in every wonderful way. Their friends figured that nothing could possibly go wrong with this couple. They were intelligent, sophisticated and both very much in love. Nothing did go wrong, in fact, until Marvin changed his job.

He switched for the usual reason, more money. But the new job had a lot more paper work than the old, and also included a prissy little man who was Marvin's superior. This gentleman used to stand at Marvin's shoulder, look down at the work he was doing and say, "Now, now, Mithter Thlimmer, careful doth it."

Four weeks of this and Marvin thought he'd be ready for the insane asylum. Naturally, he took it out on his girl. She would mention that it looked like a nice evening out and he would ask her what she meant by that. "Are you being sarcastic or something?"

It did not take long for boy to lose girl. Fortunately, boy lost job shortly afterwards and got girl back. But this is another story.

As you can see, the wrong job can make a man into something resembling a manic depressive. Indeed, you can recognize a job-happy guy by his symptoms. Not only is he quicker-tempered than usual, but his emotions tend to be much more on the surface. He laughs more than a normally jobbed man does, and he

also cries much easier.

Next time you're in a sad movie, for instance, look around and notice the men who react most strongly. Chances are they're having trouble with their jobs!

I don't recommend trying to check up on this. One investigator who did so was told by his subject that he merely had something in his eye. "And you're going to have a fistfull of knuckles in your eye if you don't mind your own business," the man said.

Which only goes to prove, as the investigator pointed out while holding a cold compress to his injured orb, what a highly emotional state the wrong job will place a man in.

But the worst thing about the wrong job blues, is that they'll make a man feel tired and unhealthy.

Along about two AM, when the girl finally says yes, our job happy hero is apt to be in such a sad and sleepy state that he couldn't care less!

CATS IN THE BULL RUN

(Continued from page 17)

"Get in there and take care of him," Martha commanded.

"Why me?" asked Lois. "I own shares in Desert Oil, too. How come I have to miss all the fun."

"Don't worry. We'll take care of your interest. Anyway," Martha went on more softly, "he'll like you best. You've the cutest shape here."

"Really?" Lois stood up and twisted around to see herself in the full-length mirror.

"Sure you have," Rusty said. "Now get out there!"

"O.K. then." She started to walk out, but as she passed by Betty, she gave a sudden squeal and leaped three feet in the air. "Hey, don't do that," she said on landing. "You know I'm ticklish." She flounced out, her injured dignity bouncing behind her.

When the door closed, Martha Grady picked up the telephone. "Get me Washington, D.C. The State Department."

"Who do you know in the State?" Nancy asked curiously.

"Mind your business," Martha said. "In this racket you get to know everyone." She went back to the receiver. "Extension 67802, please.... Hello? Robert Crudley. This is.... Oh, you recognize the voice, how sweet of you.... That's right. I'm the real good sport.... Now it's your turn to be a good sport. Or, you'd better be a good sport or your next job may be slinging hash. I've got all sorts of interesting pictures, remember....? That's my boy. I was sure you would.... Listen, I'm calling about the Shah of Kumquat. You're chief dog-walker in charge of him, aren't you....? That's what I fig-

And if there is anything that will put the hex on romance more quickly than that, I've never heard of it.

Of course, the wrong job can not only mean working for the wrong firm, but holding the wrong position within a firm.

The story of the man who finally got that well-earned promotion, only to go half nutty trying to keep up with it is well known. One happily married man was actually on the verge of divorce before he realized what was wrong and asked for his old job back again.

How do you get a job that's suitable for you? It is basically a trial and error procedure. Even if a particular position is one you've wanted all your life, you won't really know if it suits you until you try it.

On the other hand, if you find yourself going nervous in the service, losing your girls and losing interest in the fact that you're losing them, you might try changing jobs. It could help.

ured. Tell me, what does the fat slob do for recreation in Washington? He left his harem at home, what does he do for fun....? I figured that would be a problem. Well, I'm just the girl to help you out. Bring him to New York for a night. My young ladies will leave him in a much better frame of mind to deal with.... Don't worry about unfreezing funds to pay me. Consider it my little present to the government.... Of course I'm patriotic. What the hell did you think....? Just have him here tomorrow night, brother.... So long."

She hung up the phone and laughed with delight. "Now, if we can't convince him to rescind that order...."

"Hold on," Cheryl breathed. "I don't know if I want to play with him. I had a friend who spent a night with the Shah on his last visit. He isn't the easiest guy in the world to get along with. Among other things, he collects souvenirs. Like strands of hair."

"So what," said Martha. "You've got lots of hair on your head."

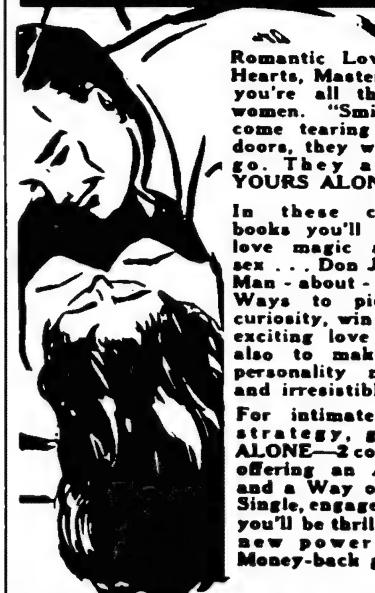
"Who said anything about heads?"

"Oh." Martha was quiet for a moment. Then: "Just tell yourself that no sacrifice is too great to help Desert Oil."

"Sure," Cheryl said. But she looked dubious.

All of the girls seemed dubious the next night when the Shah walked in. Actually, he was guided in by a pair of security men the way an ocean liner is guided into port by a pair of tugs. Behind them came the harassed looking Robert Crudlow. "I just hope I'm doing the right thing," the State Department man kept mut-

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tering to himself in a quiet voice.

The Shah was enormous: Over six and a half feet tall with the girth of a small two-bedroom house. "I am His Excellency, the Shah of Kumquait," he said with a dramatic flourish that was unfortunately ruined by his incongruously high-pitched voice.

Once in the Blue Room, the Shah began undressing the four girls. He took an article from each before going on to the next item.

Suddenly there was a squeal and Lois rose into the air, landing on her feet some distance from the bed. "Don't do that! I'm ticklish."

"My, aren't you," said the Shah, happily. "How about you other girls?" he asked, experimenting.

"Not as much as Lois," Rusty said, both her voice and herself rising, but only a short way. She gave a sigh.

"Isn't that a shame. Bring the other one back."

"No you don't," said Lois.

"Of course you will, dear," said Martha. "Lois loves to tease."

"She really likes to be tickled," Rusty said. "Don't you, girl? And you'd better say yes," she whispered, "or Betty and I will have a little talk with you."

"You wouldn't dare," Lois began. But her voice broke again and her hips jutted forward as the Shah found his mark.

"Isn't this wonderful," his Excellency sighed. "I do love ticklish girls."

"And you shall have her," said Martha. "But first let us get you undressed. Are you ticklish?" she asked, while the girls swiftly stripped off his clothing.

"No. Of course not. . . . I mean, yes!" His shrill voice climbed an octave. "Wait a minute. That's my royal"

"My. You're almost as ticklish as Lois."

"Stop! I command you!" the Shah said, frantically.

"And you are **really** not very big, are you? I'll bet you had no intention of taking the four of us on," Martha continued, clicking her

THE CURE FOR TV'S WISE QUACKS

(Continued from page 36)

his diagnosis until he has all the facts.

Patient: It was a hot day and I said to my assistant, "Bill, I said, "how about a coke?" and Bill said...

Fillmore (interrupting): Just the facts, please.

Patient: That's what I'm trying to tell you... So Bill said "okay" and I got us a couple of cokes. But there was no bottle-opener...

Fillmore: So you...

Patient: ...tried to open it with my teeth and...

tongue. "You just like the reputation. Your Excellency."

"What are you saying?" The Shah was aghast at the sudden turn.

"Wait'll the other girls hear that the biggest thing about you is your opinion of yourself," said Rusty.

"No! Please! You'll ruin me!"

"We don't actually have to say anything," Martha said.

"What do you want of me? I'll give anything. An Arabian stallion!"

"That sounds nice," Betty murmured, but Martha cut her off.

"Your Excellency," the boss lady said. "We'll be honest. We are stockholders in Desert Oil, Inc. Your speech yesterday ruined us. Can't you announce that you'll go back to the old 50-50 split?"

The Shah's huge body started to tremble with fear. "I couldn't! You don't know the people of Kumquait! Ooh, would they make up tortures when I got home!"

"But it doesn't matter what you say when you get home," said Betty. "You can change your mind again in a couple of days. Just let the stock go up so that we can get out at a profit. Then take all the dough, if you want."

"You don't want to hurt a group of poor working girls," said Lois.

"And if you say yes," Rusty promised, "you can tickle her all you want. Right, Lois?"

"No. . . . All right, yes," she amended, as Martha prodded her.

"And as another bonus, we'll all let you take home a souvenir for your collection," Rusty said, wincing in advance.

"You've heard about that?" the Shah said, pleased with his fame. "Well, ladies, I will do what you say. But not a word about my physical, er . . ."

"Trust us."

"What else can I do?"

Later, after the Shah had left, the girls were sitting around in the parlour once again. Lois was looking especially glum and exhausted. "Boy," she said. "I wonder if all stockholders have to go through this!"

Fillmore: . . . you cracked a bicuspid. Well, I'm afraid it'll have to come out.

Patient (gulping): Now, wait a minute, Doctor Fillmore . . .

Fillmore: It can't wait. (He looks at the patient curiously.) Say, don't I know you?

Patient: I don't think so, Doc . . . But about this tooth . . . I—I know it sounds foolish, but I can't stand pain and . . .

Fillmore: I'm sure I know you . . . Wait a minute, wait a minute, it's

coming back to me...

Patient: ...and sometimes I just can't help screaming...

Filmore: Got it! Now I remember you!

Patient: ...real loud! So maybe if we could just let it go for awhile...

Filmore: You're the Crazy Croatian who "just gives away" used cars!

Patient: That's right... So maybe if I could just have time to get used to the idea and come back next week... or maybe the week after... you see, this is my busy season...

Filmore: Busy giving away cars, huh?

Crazy Croatian: That's right, heh-heh... Anyway, it doesn't really hurt any more...

Filmore: Like that lemon you gave away to me, huh? The one you gave away for only \$1,500, remember? You told me it was only used once a month by a suicide club that ran the motor in the garage for the carbon monoxide fumes. But what you didn't tell me was that the brake linings were shot.

Crazy Croatian: Yes, I'm sure it'll be better to wait...

Filmore: And you also didn't tell me that the accelerator locked when the car was driven at over 40 miles an hour!

Crazy Croatian: As a matter of fact, I don't feel any pain at all any more...

Filmore: It was one hell of a smash-up!

Crazy Croatian: ...So I'll just be toddling along now.

Filmore: SIT DOWN! (Then, gently.) That tooth has to come out and it has to come out now. It won't hurt—much.

Crazy Croatian: Will you give me gas?

Filmore: For a little thing like this? Don't be a baby!

Crazy Croatian: Novocaine?

Filmore: Afraid not. The gum's too sensitive in that area to take a needle... SIT DOWN! I said.

Crazy Croatian: You—You don't hold it against me—about the car, I mean.

Filmore (haughtily): My dear sir, we dentists have our ethics. Regardless of my personal feelings, I am only concerned with the tooth... Now open wide please... ah, there it is... all nasty and broken and the gum all inflamed... now just let me get this forceps into position and get a good grip... yessir-ree, that car was a barrel of fun... the old family death-trap we used to call it... please stop squirming. I haven't even started pulling yet... tell me, do you "give away" many bargains like that... Ah, now I've got it... I can't understand how you manage to stay in business being so generous and all... Oomph! Stubborn little beggar, isn't it?... Now,

stop that screaming... Yep, I'll never forget that car as long as I live... Ah, got it... There now, that wasn't so bad, was it?

Crazy Croatian (holding his jaw in agony and lisping): It wath awful. Ooh, it thtill hurtth like crathy!

Filmore: Come now, buck up. Be a man. It's all over... Let's talk to get your mind off it. Tell me, just out of idle curiosity, what made you decide I'd be sucker enough to buy that jalopy?

Crazy Croatian: I thwear, Doc, it wath a mittake.

Filmore: Well, I guess we all make mistakes. In every line of business, I guess it's just unavoidable.

Crazy Croatian: That's right.

Filmore: As a matter of fact, since we're being so honest, I'll confess that I made one with you. I know you'll understand. But you see, I pulled the wrong tooth.

Camera zooms in to catch horrified look on Crazy Croatian's face. Then — FADE-OUT TO COMMERCIAL. FADE-IN.

Scene is the office of Dr. Ed Shrinker, psychoanalyst. Filmore is lying on the couch.

Filmore: I can't help it; I just have this feeling that people don't like me.

Dr. Shrinker: When did this feeling start?

Filmore: The day I got my diploma from dental school. You see, this girl I was going with had a bad overbite and, at the dance after graduation, I commented on it—in a purely professional manner, of course. And suddenly, it was like she saw me with new eyes. There was this look of fear and revulsion as though she'd just realized what I'd become. It was traumatic. I never saw her again, but I see that same look on the faces of my patients every day when they come into my office. They hate me! (Trying to control his tears.) I know they do!

Dr. Shrinker: Well, at least you're facing reality. You are a dentist and dentists are hated. The question is, why did you become a dentist in the

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first place? I'd like to know.

Fillmore: It was all because I had to wear braces all through my adolescence. You see, none of the girls would have anything to do with me because of the braces. I mean, we'd go to a party and the kids would neck and everything, but no girl wanted to neck with me. Then one night I met Denise.

Dr. Shriner: Denise?

Fillmore: Yes, Denise Floss. You see, she wore braces, just like I did, so right away we established this rapport. We began going out to parties together. Everything was wonderful, just wonderful, until that night—that night—(He breaks down, sobbing.)

Dr. Shriner (gently): What happened that night?

Fillmore (pulling himself together): We went to this party and everybody was necking, so Denise and I started necking too and then—and then—Oh, it was too horrible!

Dr. Shriner: And then?

Fillmore: Our braces got locked together and we couldn't get them apart. They had to call in a mechanic to untangle us!

Dr. Shriner: I see. (Glancing at his watch.) Well, I'm afraid that's all for today, Dr. Fillmore. I'll see you again tomorrow, same time.

Fillmore: Okay, Doc. Say, by the way, I couldn't help noticing, you've got a nasty cavity in that upper right molar. Why don't you drop in and I'll fill it for you . . . There! That's the look I mean! You've got it too! You hate me too!

Dr. Shriner: Of course. After all, you are a dentist!

Camera zooms in for close-up of Dr. Shriner's malevolent face. Then quick cut to next scene.

Scene opens with close-up of little girl's face wearing same expression as that last seen on face of Dr. Shriner. Then camera draws back to show Room Two of Dr. Fillmore's office. In the room are Dr. Fillmore, the child and the child's mother.

Mother: Don't be afraid of the nice man, Cassandra. He's here to help you.

Cassandra: I don't like him.

Fillmore: Now now, why not? I like you.

Cassandra: You've got bad breath.

Fillmore (determined to overlook this supreme insult): Now, I'm not going to hurt you; just open up your mouth. Ah, I see it, back there. (He inserts his finger in the child's mouth and she viciously snaps her jaws closed.) OWEE! Let go! Let go, I said!

Mother: Doctor, how dare you slap my child. I'll have you know she's never been struck before in her life!

Fillmore: I've never had my finger half bitten off before, either. (He recovers his aplomb.) Here, Cassandra, take this and rinse your mouth out.

(Cassandra swishes the liquid around and sprays it right in his face.)

Mother: She's so high-spirited.

Fillmore (gritting his teeth): Yes, isn't she? . . . All right now, Cassandra, I'm just going to drill a little hole in your tooth right there. It might hurt just a teensy-bit. Ready? . . . All right now — No, don't — ! YIEEE!

Mother: You really mustn't kick the drill, Cassandra . . . You might hurt yourself that way.

Fillmore (extracting the bit of the drill from his elbow where it had lodged): Yes, Cassandra, and we wouldn't want that, would we?

Mother: There's no need to be sarcastic, Doctor.

Fillmore: Sorry . . . Well, I guess we can forget about the cavity for today, but there is a tooth back there that's being pushed out by a new one. It would be wise to pull it so that the new one can come in straight.

Mother: As you think best, Doctor.

Cassandra (with great determination): He's not going to pull my tooth.

Fillmore: It's just a baby-tooth and it's got to come out. (Coaxingly.) You don't want to walk around with a baby tooth like a little baby, do you Cassandra?

Cassandra: Oh yes I do!

Fillmore: Now, Cassandra, you're a big girl. And I'm going to treat you like a big girl. I'm going to level with you. Pulling that tooth is going to hurt a little. But Cassandra, pain is one of the things we have to learn to face in life. It's not pleasant, but it has to be faced. And unfortunately sometimes it has to be faced by children. (He cups her face between his hands and speaks with great tenderness.) Now, Cassandra, I love little children — particularly little girls. You believe that, don't you? Of course you do. Now, I'm going to pull that tooth and cause you as little pain as possible. But first I'm going to give you a great big kiss to show you I mean what I say . . .

Cassandra: Ma-a-a! He's trying to play 'Lolita' with me!

Mother: Why you dirty old man! Get away from my child! (She strikes him repeatedly with umbrella she's carrying.) You dentists are all the same! Always trying to take advantage of your position!

Mother grabs Cassandra and storms from the room. Ginger Vitis, attracted by the commotion enters.

Ginger: What was that all about?

Fillmore (picking himself up from the floor): Not her fault, poor woman. It's only ignorance that's at fault. Ignorance is the enemy. Somehow, the public has to be educated to accept the fact that the dentist is their friend. But they're so slow in ac-

cepting it—so slow. And meanwhile that poor little girl is going to sprout a crooked tooth. Poor little nymph!

Ginger: Oh, Frank, you're all heart... And you have such a wonderful way with children. I do believe that's because they recognize the basic honesty in you.

Fillmore (peering into the mirror and daubing at assorted cuts and bruises with iodine): Yes, kids appreciate honesty.

Ginger: Oh, by the way, Frank, this should give you a chuckle. You know what?

Fillmore (bandaging a gash on his arm): What?

Ginger (giggling): We forgot all about Mr. Poltroon. He's still in Room One waiting for you to come back.

Fillmore (slapping his knee in glee and then wincing with pain at the bruise he finds there): That's a good one. What's he doing?

Ginger: Nothing really—just gagging on the cotton in his mouth.

Fillmore (gazing at himself in the mirror to see if he's missed tending any of his abrasions): Well, I'll get back to him in a mi— Why, that lousy brat!

Ginger: What's the matter?

Fillmore (curling back his upper lip): That damn kid must have kicked this tooth loose. (He reaches into his mouth with his fingers and jiggles the loose tooth.

gles the loose tooth.

Ginger (peering at the offending tooth): Oh, that's going to have to come out.

Fillmore: Yeah.

Ginger: You'd better have it attended to... I'll call Dr. Puller.

Fillmore: What's the rush?

Ginger: But it shouldn't wait.

Fillmore: I know, I know, but I've got a busy schedule today.

Ginger: Isn't that just like you—always thinking of your patients. I'll switch your appointments around.

Fillmore: Don't be so damn helpful!

Ginger: Why, Frank, what's the matter? You never spoke to me like that before.

Fillmore: You never wanted me to go to the dentist before.

Ginger: I don't understand.

Fillmore (in a hysterical outburst): Can't you get it through your head that I'm afraid of dentists. And I won't go. I won't... Why are you looking at me that way?

Ginger: Your expression!...

Fillmore: What expression?

Ginger: It's the same one the patients always have.

Camera pans in for closeup of Fillmore.

Fillmore: I can't help it. I'm human too. I hate dentists! I hate dentists.

BLACKOUT.

PAY THE GIRL TWO DOLLARS

(Continued from page 28)

"You know I won't."

"Well then, shut up about it and let's get back to work."

"Okay, okay. But this time I play Romeo. I don't go around redeeming these broads. I just pay 'em the two bucks and do my job."

Ed agreed. "You be the Romeo."

Ed didn't shirk his duty the rest of the night. By one a.m. he and Artie had made three arrests. Then it was time to go into night court to press their complaints.

Like most cops, Ed was bored by night court. He'd been through it so often that the drama had become routine to him. All he wanted to do was get his cases called and go home to bed. The bailiff's voice was a drone in his ear and the assortment of witnesses and cops provided a hum that made it difficult to keep his eyes open.

Then they opened wide. "Maida Oblenski," the clerk had monotoned. "Charge, soliciting for immoral purposes; no previous arrests; arresting officer George MacDermott... Maida Oblenski, how do you plead?"

"Guilty... But this is the first time, Your Honor... It'll never happen again... Give me a break..."

Ed shook his head to clear it. It was her all right. She hadn't even waited one night. What a damn fool I was! he thought. What a great reformer!

Beside him Artie was trying to keep a poker face and not succeeding. He'd spotted the girl too. He didn't want to rub it into Ed, but—But he wanted the lesson to stick. As Officer MacDermott came walking up the aisle after the girl's sentence had been set—and suspended—Artie grabbed his sleeve. "What time'd you pick her up, George?" Artie asked him.

"Around eleven."

Less than an hour after Ed had left her. Beside Artie he winced. "Any good?" Artie asked.

"The best. But she knows it. Fifteen bucks, she hit me for. And you know ten's tops around the arcade."

"Well, I'll be damned," Ed thought. "I guess she learned something from me after all. I guess she learned if you're going to be a whore, you might as well get paid a fair price. And I guess I learned my lesson too: next time I'll pay the girl the two dollars!" He chuckled.

Alongside him Artie laughed back.

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(Continued from page 44)

Students from other colleges, including the U. of Michigan, joined in the clamor.

It did no good. Koch was out. That Fall he went on a lecture tour, espousing not pre-marital intercourse, but the academic freedom to espouse it. His audiences were large and attentive. Among other things, Koch said in his lectures, "So far as college people are concerned, they think anything goes—so long as you come out of it a virgin."

A writer, discussing the Koch case, commented: "The professor isn't exactly ahead of his time—he merely thinks that recognition of sex here should be the same as in Sweden. What he forgets is the fact that the suicide rate in Sweden is highest in the world."

"Yes," answered another scribe, "but who knows?—if they didn't have that kind of sexual freedom, maybe the whole country would commit suicide!"

Dr. Henry, after noting the general approval on the part of the students and fellow faculty members (who were with Koch all the way in principle if not in fact), said somewhat lamely: "The public espousal may be interpreted as encouragement of immoral behavior."

The eminent educator obviously forgot one of Shakespeare's most meaningful quotations: "Nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so." As Koch said, "Look at the statistics: divorce up, juvenile delinquency up, more broken homes than ever. The country is suffering a social breakdown now. Educators who continue to teach the petty morality of the Victorian Era haven't been able to stem the tide."

And that's the point—or one of them: The decision not to teach sex in schools was first made centuries ago. A junior hi-school teacher complained in 1957, "Sex is here to stay, and our school systems, in trying to teach it, are 50 years behind the times. Our children can't be expected to learn about sex from Louisa May Alcott and Albert Payson Terhune."

That, then, is the overall picture. On the one hand we have a number of cases where frustrated instructors teach a suspect brand of sex to their students and, on occasion, take a willing little co-ed to bed. On the other hand we have a nation whose sexual mores are so retarded that it has become an international topic; a nation in which a quarter of a million young women suffer social degradation and emotional damage because they become "illicitly" pregnant; a nation in which tens of thousands of teenagers contract V.D.—and thousands more take up prostitution to pay for narcotics. All because of a shocking lack of sex knowledge.

Any far-reaching social change is hard on the society that attempts the change. That includes a change in sexual attitudes. So it is inevitable that some damage will be caused by those who try to teach sex in high school and college. There are weaklings in all walks of life; the weak teachers will make mistakes. Professors will continue to pass dirty pictures and get vicarious thrills while lecturing in front of sweet young things in short skirts, and now and then a few will go off the beam.

So what, ask the enlightened educators and writers, including the author of "The Day Christ Died," columnist Jim Bishop. When a minister was punished for teaching sex to his flock, Bishop devoted an entire column on behalf of the beleaguered cleric. Such leaders know that the ball has to be carried by a courageous few, at first—until the rest learn how to catch it.

Meanwhile we'll have cases like the young professor at a mid-Hudson college who, when told to teach a course in sex for the first time, complained: "I stood up there in front of the class and opened my mouth—and froze. I had to leave the room." Obviously, the subject was a little too hot for him. But he—and the others—will thaw out in time. Especially as we grow to maturity.

They had better.





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THE BOUDOIR EMPRESS

(Continued from page 51)

among them Monsieur Marine, Count Rochefort-Velcourt, the Paris representative of Prince Philip Ferdinand of Limburg Styrum, and Count Casimir Oginski, one of many noblemen who had fled Poland upon its conquest by Russia.

One of Princess Aly's entourage at this time was the Baron von Embs, an elderly gentleman whom she passed off as a relative. One day the police arrived and carted the Baron off to jail as a swindler.

Aly's lovers, Mackay and Poncet, had found out about each other and both had cut off the flow of money to her. Her debts were piling up and creditors were pressing Count Rochefort-Velcourt proposed that she flee to Limburg Styrum.

The Princess got as far as Frankfurt. Here, money gone, the keeper of the inn where they were staying threatening to have the Princess herself jailed if he wasn't paid, the Princess was in a tight corner. She was extricated by the arrival of Prince Philip Ferdinand. Responding to a plea for help from Rochefort-Velcourt, the Prince paid her bill and asked that she and her party come to his castle.

Princess Aly readily accepted. It was obvious that the Prince was smitten with her, but his ardor was cooled by the attitude of Rochefort-Velcourt. The Princess had led the Count a little too far down the garden path and now he was claiming that they were betrothed. She solved this annoyance by cooing a few choice words in the Prince's ear and the Count was imprisoned.

With the Count out of the way, Prince Philip Ferdinand lost no time in making Princess Aly his mistress. She filled this role so well that the Prince wanted to marry her. Before this could be brought about though, his advisors wanted to see proof of her royal lineage. Not only was such proof not forthcoming, but investigation disclosed a sordid past as a kept woman.

A rich ruler might have dropped all plans of marriage right there. But Prince Philip Ferdinand wasn't rich, as princes go, and Aly played on this fact. She told him she had fabulous wealth which was in the custody of an uncle in Persia. With this carrot before his nose, Aly set about milking the Prince.

In doing this, she had the active support of the Polish Count Oginski, her lover who had remained behind in Paris. Through Oginski, titles and decorations of Limburg Styrum were peddled all over Paris.

Some months after Princess Aly's arrival at the Prince's castle, he was called away to visit his sister, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Bartenstein.

Absence, true to form, made his heart grow fonder. On September 9, 1773, he wrote Princess Aly:

"My love for you, my dear child, is redoubled every day, despite the pain you have caused me. I could die of anguish when I realize that reason and love may not agree. . . . You must let me . . . find a way of loving you in all sincerity, in all purity."

In other words, he still wanted to make an honest woman of his mistress. Perhaps this was prompted by vague rumors which reached him that seemed to indicate she was slipping away from him. The rumors centered around Michael Domanski, a young Pole she had met while the Prince was away. Domanski was one of a group of expatriate Poles gathered in Limburg Styrum to plot the overthrow of the Russians ruling their country.

Domanski became the Princess' lover and when he learned of her difficulties in proving her 'royal' identity, he came up with the ingenious scheme of passing her off as the long-lost daughter of the Russian Empress Elizabeth who died in 1762. Domanski saw to it that this rumor was spread; it could only help the cause of the Polish patriots.

This was done so well that it reached the ears of Prince Philip Ferdinand's sister. She passed it along to him. "I have it on good authority," she advised him, "that your mistress is proven to be the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, that her claim to the throne is actually more valid than Catherine's!"

The Prince and his sister were delighted. Philip Ferdinand pressed Aly to set a marriage date. His eagerness was also caused by gossip which had reached him about her affair with Domanski. But as he grew more anxious, she grew cooler. Finally he wrote her, putting it on an unloverlike basis:

"I sympathize with your frailty but I could never pardon you a common action . . . The title is all that I covet, since your hot blood has deprived me of a lover's pride. I am hot-blooded also, but I'll be damned if I gave way to it since leaving you, or if I ever shall again."

Shortly after she received his letter, Princess Aly found herself embroiled in international intrigue up to her quivering nostrils. Her lover Domanski, carried away by her boudoir talents, was determined to have her claim to the throne of Russia receive the official sanction of the Polish government-in-exile. To bring this about, he set up a meeting between the Princess and the leader of the rebel Poles, Prince

Radziwill. This meeting took place at an empty house at Zweibrucken.

Domanski took his paramour to the house and departed as soon as the Prince arrived. Prince Radziwill faced the would-be Empress and asked to see her credentials.

She spread her arms helplessly. "I have none."

"Then what do you offer in support of your claim?"

"This." Her fingers worked slowly at the buttons of her bodice. Slowly her gown slipped down to reveal that she wore nothing underneath. "This is what I offer."

It was evidently enough. When they arose from the humble pallet in the next room, Prince Radziwill turned to her thankfully and promised the full backing of the Poles. Thus was Elizabeth the Second, Empress of all the Russias crowned.

If her coronation had comic opera aspects, it was nevertheless taken seriously in some high places. Not only did the Polish government-in-exile espouse the cause of Elizabeth the Second, but Sultan Mustafa of Turkey also publicly recognized her claim. Turkey was at war with Russia at this time and anything which would harass Catherine the Great was to his advantage. He invited Elizabeth to Istanbul.

The Poles were anxious for her to go, but they were unable to finance the journey. Nor could Empress Elizabeth finance it herself. In her need, she turned to Prince Philip Ferdinand who had just returned from visiting his sister.

The night of his return she rekindled his ardor. How successfully may be judged by the fact that the very next day he gave her the title of Countess of Pinneberg and bestowed upon her all the lands and property which went with it. The only trouble was that Pinneberg wasn't in his realm.

Pointing this out to him, she persuaded the Prince to finance her journey from his own already sadly depleted fortune. A week after his return, following a night of ecstatic goodbyes, the Countess of Pinneberg bid her now almost pauperized Prince farewell and set out on her journey. On May 13, 1774, he set eyes on her for the last time and watched her carriage begin its journey over the Alps. She left promising to marry him as soon as she mounted the throne of Russia.

But the lady's mind was on her first destination, Venice, where she had a rendezvous with Prince Radziwill. Radziwill was coming from the French court where he had played on the enmity between France and Russia with the result that the French government also recognized Elizabeth's claim to the Russian throne. When she arrived in Venice, she was given the all-out hospitality of the French Embassy.

At first she stayed there and later the French government rented and paid for a palace for her. Radziwill also arranged for the Sultan Mustafa to come incognito from Turkey to Venice to meet the Empress.

The Empress greeted the Sultan regally, but when they were alone, she played the trump that had never failed her—her own allure. It was a night which the Sultan never forgot. He was an elderly man at the time, but for that one night Elizabeth transformed him into an eager young lover. There's little doubt that the rigors of the evening helped bring about his death a week later.

His successor, Abd-ul-Hamid I, known as the Padishah, wrote Elizabeth suggesting she visit him. This posed a problem for Elizabeth. She had thrown away the money she had milked from Prince Philip Ferdinand on a series of wild parties which had held Venice spellbound and now she was unable to finance such a trip.

She solved the problem by seducing the Barbary pirate Prince Hamet. She prevailed upon him to transport her party across the Adriatic to Ragusa. The Empress and the pirate captain shared a cabin throughout the journey and according to Prince Radziwill, who was also along, the Captain didn't take the helm once throughout the entire trip.

About the time that Elizabeth was debarking at Ragusa, all hell was breaking out in Moscow. Catherine the Great was just waking up to the fact that this impostor constituted a real threat to her throne. Embroiled in war with Turkey, beset by a series of insurrections in Poland and already having broken diplomatic relations with France, the picture of a pseudo-Empress, backed by the Turks, the Poles and the French, parading around Europe was the last straw. She issued orders to Admiral Alexis Orlov, commander of the Imperial Russian Fleet, to seize Elizabeth at any cost.

Elizabeth, unaware of this, meanwhile set about following her natural bent in Ragusa—and her natural bent was to collect as many lovers as possible. Prince Radziwill set out to put a stop to this. Morality coming from him (she had called him "one of the most passionate of my lovers") might have tickled Elizabeth's fancy, but he finally convinced her that any further escapades would jeopardize her chance for the Russian throne. Elizabeth promised to forsake all her lovers and she did—all but one.

This was Domanski, the young Pole who had originally set her feet upon the path to the Russian throne. He visited her boudoir regularly until the night one of the guards assigned to her protection by the

French consul in Ragusa took a pot-shot at what he took to be a sneak-thief going over the garden wall. Domanski took the load of shot in the rear and when Elizabeth learned of it, she vowed that the very idea of his being shot in such a cowardly place precluded a continuation of their love affair.

When Prince Radziwill learned of the incident, he washed his hands of the Empress and returned to Germany where he set about trying to make peace with Catherine. On the heels of his departure, the French government, also incensed at her tactless doings, withdrew support of her claims to the Russian throne—and with it the hospitality of their consul at Ragusa. And then the new Turkish Sultan wrote her a cool note suggesting she postpone her visit.

Penniless again, and friendless to boot, Empress Elizabeth was still not without resources—natural resources. There was a Venetian banker named Martinelli in Ragusa and she seduced him. Signor Martinelli put up the money which enabled her to go to Rome.

Meanwhile, Admiral Orlov was on the verge of attacking Ragusa. When he learned that his prize had fled to Rome, he set aside the mailed fist in favor of the velvet glove of diplomacy. He wrote to Elizabeth in Rome, acknowledging her claim to the Russian throne and promising to put the Russian Navy at her disposal. He suggested that they meet in Pisa—and, most important, forwarded funds for her to make the journey. Despite the still-loyal Domanski's forebodings that it was all a plot, Elizabeth proceeded to Pisa.

She arrived on February 15, 1775. Orlov had prepared quarters for her in a sumptuous palace and treated her with great deference. This in no way lessened after the Empress, ever agreeable to making love, lured him into her room one night. One night led to another and, for perhaps the only time in her life, Elizabeth really fell in love. She told the faithful Domanski that the Admiral "is everything I have ever desired in a man and the most accomplished in the ways of Eros of any man I have ever known." And when Orlov humbly asked if there was a chance that the Empress would marry him, she replied that she would wed him "even if it means losing the throne."

Orlov assured her that he would never stand in the way of her accession. At the same time he wrote to Catherine the Great that "I would have married her if it were the only way to execute Your Majesty's wishes."

For nine days he played his role. Then, following a dinner party at the British consulate to which he

escorted the Empress, Orlov prevailed upon her to visit his flagship, *The Three Hierarchs*. She went willingly and spent the night in his cabin with him equally willingly.

She woke in the morning to find Orlov gone and the door to the cabin locked. She pounded on it and a Russian officer finally came. He informed her that she was a prisoner of Catherine the Great. When she asked for Orlov, she was told that he also was a prisoner. (This was untrue; the Admiral was at that very moment bragging of how well he'd accomplished his plan to his second-in-command.) By this time *The Three Hierarchs* had sailed beyond the limits of Pisa and Elizabeth was as good as on Russian soil.

She reached it in actuality on May 11, 1775 and was taken by an escort of the Preobrazensky Guards to the fortress of St. Peter and Paul where she was jailed. By this time the full extent of her betrayal by Orlov had dawned on her, but it hadn't broken her spirit.

She maintained her claim to the throne of Russia in the face of incontrovertible evidence brought out at her trial. Her birth as the daughter of a Middle European baker, the facts of her being orphaned at the age of 11 and later sold into concubinage by an unscrupulous uncle, her escape from a Turkish harem and her record as a prostitute in both London and Berlin—all these facts, backed up with evidence, she coolly denied. She was the daughter of Elizabeth, Empress of all the Russias, and Catherine had usurped her throne, she told the court. Since her judges had been appointed by Catherine, Empress Elizabeth's fate was a foregone conclusion.

And yet, in a sense, she cheated it. Her imprisonment in the dungeon of the fortress brought on pneumonia and on December 4, 1775, with the trial still in progress, she died. The day before, Domanski had been brought to see her.

The one man who knew how the plot had started gazed upon the woman he loved and his spirit broke. He begged her to confess the whole imposture and throw herself on the mercy of Catherine the Great. But Elizabeth was an Empress to the end. She pushed him away from her bedside and told the Russians who had brought him that "the man is mad! I am the Empress Elizabeth II, rightful heir to the throne of Russia."

They had to be satisfied with that. And if it wasn't at all satisfying—well, they were the only men on record who ever left Empress Elizabeth's bedside unsatisfied.



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A SHOOTING STAR

(Continued from page 9)

people on the earth, they built the Bomb — to make sure there would never be another war. They built it here, in one of the few cities that were left, and they made it automatic." He was seventeen and impatient, and at the moment, frustrated. He turned his head sharply to look into the girl's bright, eager face. "You mean you don't know any of this?"

She giggled. "I like to hear you talk." The moon emerged from behind the white shaft and lighted her beauty with its rays. She was lying on her side, head resting on one bent arm, facing him. Her hip rose in a classic curve and, in brief summer shorts, most of her flesh was exposed to the moon and the gaze of the boy.

He stirred, his breath coming fast. For the moment there was nothing to do but talk. In the near distance, the vague moving shapes of the park strollers spelled danger. In these days the Law decreed love to be a serious offense. The Law said that the Population Explosion of the 20th Century had brought on World War III. Now there could be no repetition of this mistake. Love was rationed — or stolen. Even married couples were allotted so many children, and sterilization was the penalty for those who failed to practice proper birth control.

The boy continued, resignedly. "Well, then, except for the Bomb, all weapons have been outlawed for two hundred years. That you must know. The Bomb, which can destroy an entire continent, has been the only deterrent to war in all that time. It's all that was necessary. We don't know how to fire it, or what makes it work, but that doesn't matter. It's all automatic, as I said. If the East should send a Bomb over America, our Bomb would immediately rise from its pad and fly over the East. It would destroy them as certainly as their Bomb would destroy us."

"But then," the girl said, without any real horror in her eyes, for this legend, too, was a part of her life, "there wouldn't be anybody left!"

"True. That's why we need only one bomb — this one — and why the East needs only one, a duplicate of ours. Our ancestors were very smart to think up such an idea."

He shifted his position on the hard ground, and because they were very close, his elbow brushed against her breast. The contact caused her entire body to quiver and she gasped audibly. She strained toward him. His glance darted about furtively and, seeing they were unobserved, he kissed her full on the mouth. So great was their desire, so rare was

such contact, that the gesture — which in an earlier age would have meant little more than a casual greeting or farewell — became a delirium of ecstasy. Now, they knew, they could wait no longer.

Their lips parted at last and for a moment neither could speak, could barely breathe. Desperate, the boy searched with his eyes the park, the trees, the lighted streets beyond. There was no place, none at all. Then his wild gaze fixed onto the shaft. A fleeting light of hope fell across his face. "I wonder," he mused, half to himself. He was an inventive person, brave and resourceful. It was said that one day he would rise high in politics, perhaps even be the Leader. Now he proved his right to such esteem.

He rose to his feet. "Come," he said, and helped her rise. He led her, wondering, across the grass at a leisurely pace, keeping within the shadow of the Bomb, to its very base. There was no guard there, nor any need for one. It was understood by the people that they were not to venture near the white shaft, since there was no telling when it might suddenly spit forth its cremating fire and steam and rise to its mission of vengeance. There was no telling whether or when the leaders of the East, out of madness or boredom, might take a chance. No one really knew for sure that they, like the West, had fully outlawed war and weapons, and were living a likewise peaceful, vegetating existence — with no future and a past too horrible to chance repeating.

Now the girl knew what the boy meant to do. She whispered in awe, "The Bomb? Inside the Bomb?" Then the enormity of it, the outrageousness, struck her. Her giggle was half hysteria. She balanced between the fear of getting caught and the agony of frustration. But she followed where he led.

He led her to the underside of the raised Bomb, where the mouths of its huge engines yawned some feet above its marble pad. Serrated heat vanes, like the spines of a monster dorsal fin, rose from the exhausts. They led like steps up into the bowels of the Bomb, into the blackness of the complicated machinery that no one alive could comprehend.

The boy took a last look around. Deep in shadow, they were unseen. He began to feel confident now. Taking a deep breath, he began climbing upward. He knew the girl would follow . . . Up, up, up they climbed, to the end of the stepladder of vanes, around a maze of pipes and cables, up through the very heart of the great engine, until they emerged

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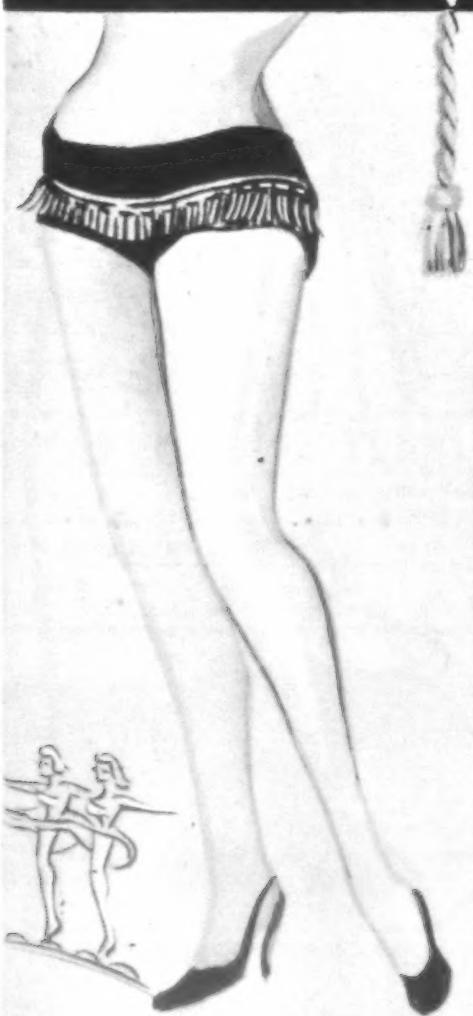
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on the top of a bulkhead. The boy guessed that they were perhaps half-way up the Bomb. Above them was only darkness, with no way to go farther. It didn't matter. They stood on a platform that was the diameter of the cylinder, about fifteen feet across. And, wonderfully enough, it was padded with some sort of insulating or shock-proofing material that was as soft and yielding as any mattress. It was this that caused them to forget, almost, their incredible surroundings, the sheer fantasy of what they had done.

From somewhere higher, several thin daggers of moonlight cut the utter darkness into portions of mere gloom. They stood in one of these and looked at each other; only their silhouettes, the faint highlights of cheek and forehead, and the life in their eyes were visible. Slowly, and at once, they sank to their knees. Silently they knelt facing each other for awhile. Their harsh breathing sounded loud and metallic and it seemed that each could hear the beating of the other's heart. Then, still on their knees, they moved forward until their hands touched and were seized convulsively. He drew her to him roughly and at any other time the strength in his arms would have hurt her. Now she reveled in his strength and the closeness of his body, her eagerness as great as his own. Feverishly, with hands almost uncontrollable, they discarded their light clothing. And when they met again, their flesh became the same flesh, their minds were one and their thoughts fused into a single deathless thought.

The terrible yearning that had been with them from childhood, when first they met, was gone. Now they lay side by side, hip touching hip and fingers laced. "I love you," she said.

"Yes." He knew there was nothing more to say. Yet he said, as he stared upward into the blackness, "In a year we can be married, and a while after that, I will become a Leader. Then, you'll see, I intend to change things. First I'll change the Law. No one should have to do what we've done. The Law is bad; it must be changed."

"What else?" She gloried in the sound of his voice, not caring what he said, for she heard only the words. You're a woman . . . You're a woman and I love you. I love you because you're a woman and you're a woman because I love you!

"It is time," he said, "to visit the East. It is time for men to become friends again. When I am a Leader I will organize an expedition and go to the men of the East and show them we mean them no harm. I think maybe they think the same way but, like us, have been too frightened to find out. I will end

their fears. And ours. Yes," the boy said, "I will try to make this a happy world, at last."

She leaned across him, her breasts tight against his chest, and kissed him. "You will," she whispered, "I know you will."

The people of the city heard the roaring, first, the loudest sound the earth had known for nearly two centuries, then they looked in the direction from which it had come and they saw, from the base of the tall white shaft, a huge cloud of white smoke emerge, while flames of orange and red engulfed the park and set the trees to blazing. Unbelieving, they watched the great white shaft as it shuddered on its pad, and then it rose slowly on a pillar of fire that stretched like a solid thing upward into the night.

High above the plain, a bright star shot eastward across the black sky, while below, the people, aroused from their shock, shook themselves back to life. They darted, terrified, from one to another, babbling to each the things they all knew, scurrying ratlike to shelters they knew would not shelter them and all the time trying to comprehend the awful thing that had happened. Trying to retain their grasp on the myth that had sustained them for so long, trying to reject the reality that faced them. They had come to believe, through the years and generations, that the Bomb had been unreal, not a Bomb at all but merely a warning, a symbol of danger that they must believe in or perish. The presence of the Bomb had enabled the race to survive, yes, simply because they had believed in what it meant — not in it.

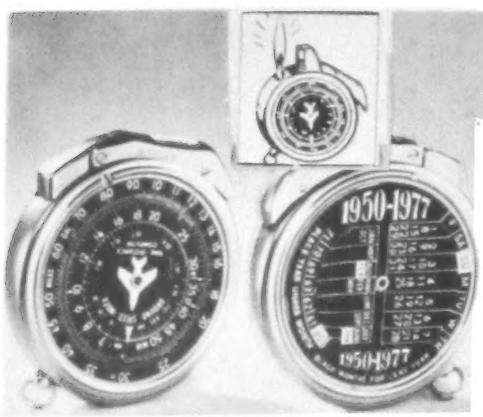
Now they knew. They knew that the books had told the truth, and that the only thing that could set off the Bomb was another Bomb — one already on its way and that could not be recalled. Weeping, cursing, screaming, darting pointlessly about or sitting quietly — according to their natures — they waited.

And within the Bomb, pressed tightly against the unyielding bulkhead that had been their wedding couch, the boy and the girl clung each to the other while their senses, one by one, were stolen from them by the great noise beyond the bulkhead and the increasing velocity. In the final instant, wondering why he felt no fear, the boy shouted soundlessly, "We are the lucky ones!" And the words of the girl, though her lips were very close to his ear, were likewise lost. But because they were one, and their thoughts a single deathless thought, he heard her.

"I love you," she said, "I love you."

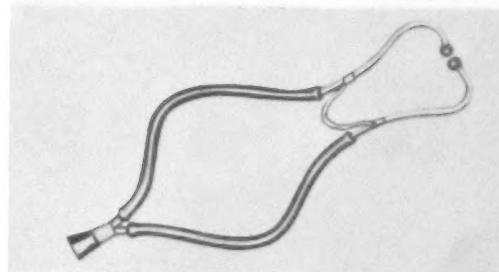
While faster and faster, the flaming star shot across the still, empty blackness of the night.

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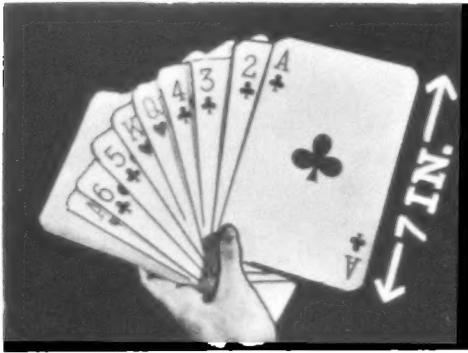
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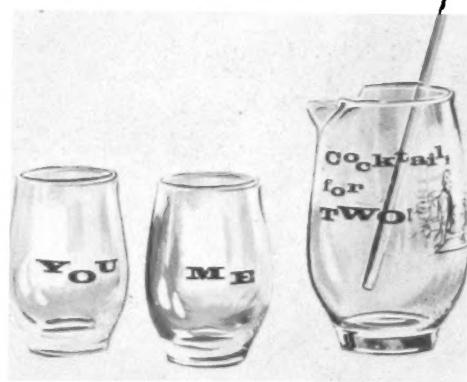
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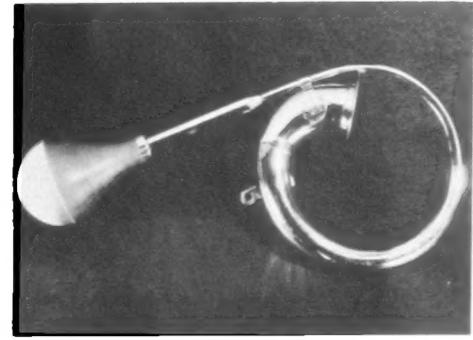
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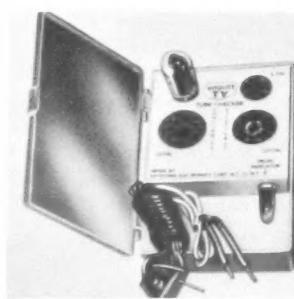
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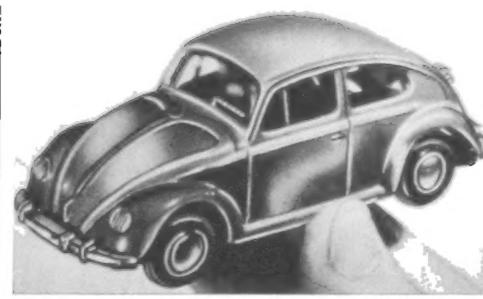
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